# De MASTER MOTIVE

LAURE CONAN

Class P23

Book .A587M

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

# THE MASTER MOTIVE

## A Tale of the Days of Champlain

BY

LAURE CONAN pseud.
F. Angers

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

THERESA A. GETHIN

ST. LOUIS, MO., 1909

PUBLISHED BY B. HERDER

17 SOUTH BROADWAY

FREIBURG (BADEN) B. HERDER | LONDON AND EDINBURGH SANDS & CO.

PZ3
.A587M

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
FEB 27 1909
Copyright Entry
Feb. 27, 1909
CLASS a XXc. No.
232090
COPY B.

Copyright 1909
By Joseph Gummersbach

—BECKTOLD—
PRINTING AND BOOK MFG. CO.
ST. LOUIS, MO.

# THE MASTER MOTIVE

## CHAPTER I

In the first days of spring, in the year 1625, Monsieur Garnier, member of the King's Council, of Paris, had quitted his city residence, to enjoy the delights of his villa at Auteuil. One evening, on his return home, his wife on greeting him asked if he had been to Port Royal.

"I have just returned from there," the Magistrate answered, as he seated himself near his wife, before the cheerful fire burning in the grate. "Acting upon your wise suggestion I saw the Abbess first."

"And what did Mother Angelica say?" asked Madame Garnier, folding up the tapestry on which she had been working.

"She told me I was the bearer of very sad tidings. She said that Mademoiselle Meliand's departure will be a cause of general grief for Port Royal. Moreover, she asked me not to mention it to the child, as she wishes to do so herself, and at the last minute. She seems to think that Gisella will be so broken-hearted at leaving them that she will not be able to attend properly to her work after being told."

"That would never have suggested itself to us, would it?" said Madame Garnier pleasantly.

"Ah! but the Arnaulds are indefatigable workers, and Mother Angelica is endowed with many of her family's characteristics."

"What a strange career she has had," mused the Magistrate; "Abbess of Port Royal at eleven years of age, she becomes its reformer at eighteen."

"Nevertheless, I admire the Mother Abbess," said Madame Garnier, enthusiastically.

"Every one does," added her husband, "and in spite of the irregularity of her vocation, she has proved herself to be a remarkable woman. But, to be candid with you, I do not care for Port Royal. I always come away from there feeling dejected." And the Magistrate stretched his feet a little nearer the cheerful fire.

"The place is certainly not gay, but it has its attractions —"

"I am quite impatient," continued Monsieur Garnier, "to go and take Gisella away from there. How unhappy the child must have been! With her joyful, loving nature, it must have been a torture to have been immured within those dismal walls, where there is neither sunshine nor life, all these long years."

"Surely, you are not going to waste your sympathy on Gisella," broke in Madame Garnier. "You know she has a temperament which turns everything to account. She is particularly favored.

I do not doubt, she often hears the angels singing."

"She sings like an angel herself," remarked the Magistrate.

"I am thinking of how happy Charles will be to find such a fiancée awaiting him, on his return from sunny Italy."

"As unusual as it is agreeable! Charles is a very fortunate boy, but —"

"How handsome he is!" Madame Garnier exclaimed, as she gazed at his portrait, which hung above the mantel.

"He certainly is," answered the husband, a smile of proud tenderness lighting up his intellectual face.

Being rather short-sighted, he rose and went nearer to the mantel, the better to admire his son Charles, a handsome young man of twenty.

Having finished his studies, young Garnier had expressed the wish of visiting Italy, and although the youngest son of the family, he was in reality like an only child, his two older brothers having entered the religious life immediately upon leaving college.

"We shall soon see him now; he was to leave Rome shortly after Easter," the Magistrate said, reseating himself.

Madame Garnier was silent, but the joy of her heart was reflected in her happy face. Still handsome and graceful, the lady's fair complexion was somewhat faded; but time had not, could not, rob her of the beauty of her sweet smile.

"When shall we go to get Gisella?" asked Monsieur Garnier, after a moment's silence. "She has been away from us long enough now. I should like her to see the men working in the fields at Bois-Belle this spring."

The villa bore this rather odd name, because of the beauty and seclusion of its gardens.

"Providence has arranged all things well," replied Madame Garnier, as if in answer to her husband's thoughts. "At their age to feel a love so true and deep, and one of such long standing. Surely Bois-Belle will be an earthly paradise when we have them both with us."

"I would gladly hasten that time," said the Magistrate, "for I am anxious to see Charles settled in life."

Madame Garnier looked at her husband inquiringly.

"Has the change we both noticed in Charles made you uneasy?" she asked. "Do you attach any importance to his opinions on the religious life?"

"Yes, at times, I do, but I am quite decided about what I want."

"You must not worry about it, dear. Naturally the example of his two brothers must have impressed him very deeply. But he loves Gisella so tenderly — and has for such a long, long time."

## CHAPTER II

Born of a distinguished family belonging to the magistracy, Gisella Meliand was left an orphan while still quite young. She was a distant relative of Madame Garnier, so her husband, who had been named guardian, sent her to the abbey at Port Royal to be educated. This celebrated abbey, which, a little less than a century later, was razed to the ground by order of the King, was at the time of our story in the first fervor of its reform, Saint Francis of Sales choosing to call it his abode of delights.

Therefore, when Monsieur and Madame Garnier found themselves charged with the care of the little orphan, they decided that the best education they could secure for her would be the one given by the Religious of Port Royal.

So Gisella grew up in that renowned monastery, which was so closely associated with the great ancestral names of Europe and with memories of the voluntary renunciation of wealth and position.

Built down in the hollow of a barren valley, surrounded and over-shadowed by wild woods, Port Royal presented a dismal aspect. There was noth-

ing there to brighten the gloomy misty solitude. A kitchen-garden and a few well-grown chestnut trees scattered here and there, were the only things to gladden the eye.

The church, owing to the settling of the ground, was gradually sinking, and at that time it could be entered only by descending ten or twelve steps. Yet the old abbey, buried as it was in a narrow secluded spot, exercised a fascinating influence over many souls.

Madame de Sevigné called it a "Thebaide in a frightful valley"; and when writing to her daughter, she expressed her delight at having seen that holy solitude about which she had heard so much.

Gloom has very little charm for children; so Port Royal, so dear to the hearts of Pascal and Racine, must have impressed them as being old, dull and lonely.

Life at the abbey was even hard for the pupils. But in that age of health and vigor, no one thought of complaining or expressing surprise; and many young girls, belonging to the first families of France, were brought up at Port Royal.

Gisella went there when she was seven years old. Holidays were unknown at that time, so the child had spent nine years within the walls of the old abbey; rising at four o'clock, summer and winter, and working hard from morning until night.

One day resembled another in its monotonous regularity. Happily, Gisella possessed a nature which could enliven, sweeten and beautify everything round about her. She was capable of loving, and of being loved.

After the death of her parents and when she became a member of the Garnier family, she conceived an unusually strong affection for the youngest son, Charles.

This childish love had grown with her years, for it had been tenderly fostered, and while it helped to brighten the loneliness of her convent life, it increased the pain of their separation.

From time to time Charles came to see her in the convent parlor. He wrote to her often, and in that way he filled her young heart with such joy and happiness that she was able to maintain her cheerfulness amid the gloomy asceticism of the place.

Singing was the only relaxation allowed at reformed Port Royal. Carefully taught and admirably executed, it mingled with their work as well as with their prayers and gave to the divine office, sung in choir, a solemn and pleasing charm. Gisella, who possessed an innate love of music and a voice of rare, sweet beauty, took especial delight in singing, and oftentimes the gloomy old church of Port Royal echoed the sounds of angelic melodies.

"Is it not the voice of an angel in exile?"

Mother Angelica would ask herself at times, while she listened in rapturous ecstacy to Gisella's singing. Then it is easy to imagine how true was her grief and the community's sorrow at the news of Gisella's coming departure.

## CHAPTER III

It was the senior pupils' hour for needle work. Seated on rough wooden benches, about twenty young girls were sewing, knitting, and doing embroidery. One was reading aloud the " Lives of the Fathers of the Desert."

The room was gloomy. The walls, blackened by age, gave forth a damp and depressing atmosphere. But the pupil who was reading had a particularly agreeable voice, and read remarkably well.

" Mademoiselle Meliand! " called the nun who was superintending their work.

The reader glanced up, closed her book and came to her teacher. Her step was slow, but her carriage was erect and graceful.

In spite of her disordered hair and the extreme ugliness of her uniform, she was fair to look at, and all eyes were upon her as she crossed the room.

" Mother Abbess wishes to see you in her room," said the nun, who had just received the message.

The young girl left the room noiselessly, took off her grey linen apron and as she passed a lancet window, she glanced outside. A thick cold vapor hung about the branches of the leafless trees and made the place appear more dismal than usual.

"How depressing," she murmured, as she turned away and wended her way through the silent corridors that led to the Mother Abbess' room.

In answer to Gisella's knock, a young novice, who acted as secretary to the abbess, opened the door.

"Come in," she said, pleasantly, "our Mother is waiting for you."

The room was large and cold. A figure of the Agonizing Saviour hung upon the south wall; at its base was an ivory skull, beautifully carved, but painfully true in size and shape.

A discolored marble statue of Saint Bernard, a golden crozier, which rested against the abbatial chair, was all this poorly furnished room contained.

Standing before a plain wooden table, the Abbess of Port Royal was busily engaged opening her letters.

"Come, child," she said, when she had noticed Miss Meliand.

Gisella came forward, and made her bow with inimitable grace and deep reverence.

The Abbess acknowledged the courtesy by a smile. Turning to the little novice, she said graciously:

"I shall see you later, dear sister," and the nun retired.

The privileged days in Gisella's convent life were those on which she was allowed to see the Mother

Abbess. Youth feels the need to love and admire, and what the young girl experienced when in the presence of this illustrious nun was far more than a fleeting heart emotion.

The Abbess of Port Royal was at that time thirty-five years of age. Of medium height, she was graceful and dignified and had a most queenly manner. Her face, worn by her great austerities it is true, and pitted by small-pox, had nothing attractive about it, especially when her eyes were lowered. But in those blue eyes, shaded by red lashes, was revealed the interior beauty and strength of her soul, and once seen they could never be forgotten.

She greeted the child lovingly. Seating herself, she made Gisella take a stool at her feet. Then going straight to the point, as was her wont, she said:

"My child, your guardian thinks it is time to take you home, and that was my reason for sending for you."

Gisella colored deeply, she lowered her eyes so that the Abbess might not see the delight that flooded their depths.

"Well," asked Mother Angelica, "what do you say?"

"If my guardian wishes it, I surely cannot object," answered Gisella politely, but with her eyes still lowered.

The Abbess fixed a steadfast, penetrating look upon her.

"Allow me one question. Have you never felt any attraction for the religious life?" she asked.

For a moment, a smile played around Gisella's mouth. Then lifting her beautiful brown eyes to meet the gaze of the Abbess she answered candidly:

"No, Mother, I never have."

A shadow darkened the Abbess' face.

"I always hoped," she said, in a lowered voice, "that to the many gifts God has bestowed upon you, He would add that of a religious vocation. Often when listening to your singing, I have dreamed that dream. . . ."

There was a moment's silence, then the Abbess continued:

"You are going to pass from the strict, busy life you have lived till now to one of ease and pleasure. Will the change be irksome?"

"I think not, Mother."

"You judge as a child. Pleasure has many pitfalls and has never been known to lead to anything heroic," she said, exultingly. "Poverty is far more profitable than riches, the saints all agree, and sweet are the uses of adversity."

And as if to impress this truth more forcibly upon her mind, the Abbess laid her hand upon Gisella's head, and paused a few moments to study her.

Even at the awkward age of early girlhood, she had often taken notice of this child whose voice possessed the power of charming her to the forgetfulness of fatigue and pain. Then, there was nothing remarkable about her appearance, unless it was the passionate beauty of her dreamy brown eyes. Time had flown, and this pale delicate child had developed a beauty of which she was still ignorant, but which filled the Abbess' soul with fear.

"The dear child is destined to be the pet and idol of society," she mused, and, stirred with deep compassion, she traced the sign of the cross upon Gisella's fair brow. It was her most loving caress, the only one she ever allowed herself, consequently Gisella was delighted to receive it.

"I shall never forget you; my prayers as well as my thoughts shall follow you always; but be warned, do not expect too much from life," she said, in sad, low tones.

Gisella had the deepest reverence for the Abbess; therefore, these very solemn words somewhat marred the joy of her home-going.

"You speak to me, Mother, as if sorrow and temptation were to be my only lot in life. I shall not have to face the world alone. So far Monsieur and Madame Garnier have shown me the deepest affection, and I cannot believe they intend to deprive me of it now."

Seeing that Gisella had not quite grasped the true

meaning of her words, the Abbess smiled and continued:

"The Garniers are entitled to all your love — to all your gratitude, for they love you as their own child. It is not neglect or indifference I fear for you, child. What I dread for you is, that you will be loved too well, and therein will be your danger."

These words were spoken in sad impressive tones, for the Abbess had the convincing eloquence of an orator.

Nevertheless, an involuntary smile hovered around the young girl's mouth, and the light of a deep joy burned in her beautiful brown eyes.

This joyful look was quickly hidden beneath her heavily-fringed eye-lids, but not before the Abbess had noticed that her words had produced no effect.

She knew that this enthusiastic, gifted child possessed in a preëminent degree the fatal power of loving and of suffering. It was cruel, she thought, to expose this beautiful soul to the sordid realities of life, and she would have loved to see her protected therefrom, in the shadow of the cloister.

"You are sixteen years old, are you not?"

"Sixteen and a half, Mother."

"You are still exacting about fractions," said the Abbess, smiling. "Monsieur Garnier did not leave me in ignorance of his projects concerning you. He spoke highly of his son, and your union is most desirable. But, believe me, happiness is not of this

world, and loving, sensitive souls find less of it than others. 'Love is oftentimes consumed by its own vehemence.'"

"I long to be happy," said Gisella, dreamily.

"Do you know what happiness would do for you?" asked the Abbess, seriously. "It has been said, and very truthfully, that happiness is like those intoxicating liquors which can only be taken in safety in small quantities, and then, well diluted. Let God do with you as He chooses; should He send you trials and sufferings. . . ."

"Trials! Mother," repeated Gisella, in alarm.

"Yes, trials, the trials which elevate the soul and strengthen the heart by dispelling its illusions, that is, the illusions which blind it to the wickedness and shortness of life. These illusions, my child, are but a glamour which prevent us from seeing the thorns by the wayside, and the end of life. Happily, these illusions are dispelled by a clearer, more penetrating light at life's close."

The sound of a sweet, clear bell reached them.

"The Vesper bell," said the Abbess, rising. "I want to hear your voice once again, so you will sing to-morrow at Mass."

## CHAPTER IV

Gisella slept very little her last night at Port Royal.

A night-lamp dimly lighted the dormitory, and round about her, companions were sleeping the sound quiet sleep of youth.

But Gisella lay awake, counting the hours as they rang out from the clock in the tower.

"Will daylight ever come?" she asked herself.

It dawned at last, and later in the day Monsieur Garnier came to take her home.

Gisella bade her teachers grateful and loving farewells, then she went up to her little alcove in the dormitory to change her dress.

She was not vain, but her delight was keen when she threw off her ugly grey uniform, with its capes, to put on the handsome costume Madame Garnier had sent her.

She cast a last fond look at the large dormitory, at her little bed; then she went down stairs slowly, examining everything attentively as if she wanted to carry away a lasting memory of these beloved spots which she would never see again.

An atmosphere of sadness seemed tc envelope the old monastery, its long, dim cloisters, its corridors

and stone stair-cases, that had so often re-echoed the tread of foot-falls, both light and weary.

She longed to pay a farewell visit to the church, which she knew was usually empty at that hour, and as she knelt down before the altar, a thousand loving memories of the past came crowding in upon her.

"My God! how often has it been my privilege to sing Thy praises in this hallowed spot?" she sobbed.

The small oak benches, the nuns' handsome stalls, the half-obliterated frescoes, the large black cross at the entrance to the burial vaults — everything assumed a new beauty under the spell of her departing glance, and as she stood within the choir, she was moved to tears.

The Mother Abbess' office book had been left open upon the book-rest of her stall; Gisella stooped and pressed her lips lingeringly to it. Then after a final prayer, she left the church, deep calm restored to her soul.

Two lay-sisters, each holding a large key, were awaiting her at the convent door.

"It is very sad to see our dear Saint Cæcelia leaving us," said the senior in office, as she inserted the key in the lock.

Gisella bade the kind sisters good-bye, and drying their tears, they kissed her affectionately on both cheeks.

"Good-bye, Gisella, good-bye," cried her companions, who had accompanied her, as far as the tower.

Half smothered by their kisses and embraces, she took a tearful leave of them, after having promised to write often and return as soon as possible

## CHAPTER V

Monsieur Garnier's thoroughbreds were impatiently pawing the ground, in the Abbey courtyard.

"I am so delighted to take you away from here," he said, as he helped Gisella into the carriage.

It was dark when they reached Bois-Belle and Gisella could distinguish nothing about her; but a thousand confused, pleasant recollections of the place came back to her.

Taking her by the hand, her guardian led her to the drawing-room, which was brilliantly lighted in honor of her home-coming.

Seating her in one of the large arm-chairs, he dropped the caressing manner which he had used with her till then and suddenly assumed a serious tone.

"My dear child, you are heartily welcome to my home. I trust you will be very happy here with us. That you will never want to leave us, or long for any other home, is the dearest and sincerest wish of my heart."

Gisella was on the verge of tears, as she thanked him for his warm and loving welcome.

"Now let us have supper," said Madame Garnier, as she deftly removed Gisella's hat and jacket.

After supper they spent the remainder of the evening sitting around the grate-fire, chatting about many things, principally about Charles.

Madame Garnier gave Gisella her son's letters to read, showed her his last portrait, and Gisella thoroughly enjoyed the quiet pleasant evening.

She was overjoyed to be back once again in Charles' boyhood home — the home to which he was so soon to return.

Her happiness, however, was expressed less in words, than in the joy which radiated from her smiling lips.

The mother was charmed with Gisella, whose heart was as an open book to her; when they were alone, she said to her, as she caressed her soft, black hair:

"Gisella child, do you not think Divine Providence has arranged all things well?"

The young girl smiled sweetly, and a fleeting blush colored her usually pale face.

"When I went for you after your mother's death," continued Madame Garnier, "you were very unhappy and showed a grief far beyond your years. Do what I would for you, you remained inconsolable, and despite my tender care, you were fading away like a poor neglected flower. Your extreme apathy was causing me deep concern, when fortunately I had the happy thought of bringing Charles home from college."

"Yes, and do you remember what fearful weather it was when he arrived?" interrupted Gisella: "I can still see his pretty fair hair all wet with rain, his handsome, boyish appearance, and especially the compassionate way in which he looked at me."

"He was a very lovable dutiful child," went on Madame Garnier, "and I recollect how attentively he listened to me while I told him that you would die if he did not succeed in making you love him — in making you play with him. That evening, if you remember, you both took supper together at a little table set before the fire."

"Oh! yes, I remember that delicious little supper distinctly. Really, I cannot account for it, but the deep gloom in which I had been buried ever since my dear mother's death seemed dispelled forever from that night. I thought him very charming. After supper we had a delightful chat, sitting before the fire. We soon became good friends, and I told him all my griefs and trials. He spoke to me about his First Communion, about heaven — and his words, child though he was, awakened a new love, a new enthusiasm in my life."

"Even then you sang remarkably well, and to please him, you consented to sing. Delighted with his victory, he came and whispered in my ear, 'She loves me already, mother dear'; he loved you, too, and was heart-broken when he had to go back to college."

Gisella had listened to Madame Garnier, entranced.

"And when he was gone," she rejoined, "I felt a strange void in my life. The house, the garden — all seemed empty and desolate."

Some tone in the young girl's voice stirred Madame Garnier to her innermost soul.

She realized that her son Charles was Gisella's one and only love on earth, that her love for him mingled with all her thoughts in the strength and sweetness of her first memories.

In spite of her ten-mile drive in the open air, Gisella was not sleepy, but Madame Garnier, supposing she must feel fatigued, led her to her room, which was hung in red silk, and exquisitely dainty.

"Even in that hideous uniform of yours, you are not too ugly, Gisella. Your plaited hair, in the style of Port Royal, gives you the appearance of a queen of the twelfth century. Wait until to-morrow, when I intend to be your lady's-maid, and I shall transform you, as Cinderella's fairy god-mother transformed her," said Madame Garnier, laughingly, as she kissed Gisella good-night.

Left alone, Gisella could have wept with happiness. Being unable to sleep, she opened a window that looked out upon a balcony, but here, as in the deep valley of Port Royal, everything was shrouded in darkness. The heavens alone were visible.

## CHAPTER VI

The days that followed were for Gisella one unbroken dream of happiness.

She was at that extremely susceptible age, " when love grows apace," and " when sentiments, not quite akin, mingle themselves with it and feed its flame."

She was in a seventh heaven of delight. Her freedom, the open air, the buoyancy of her own youth, everything elated her, everything enhanced the joy of her approaching happiness.

" I am happy, more than happy," she wrote to one of her class-mates at Port Royal. " It is so delightful to have an unbounded, unrestricted view, to see the sunshine. Accustomed to the foggy gloom of Port Royal, I had no idea of this glorious brightness. I am in a continual trance of delight, and if I were to yield to impulse, I would be always singing and my songs would be hymns of thanksgiving. . . . Now I wear such delightfully long dresses, . . . oftentimes I feel inclined to inflate my skirts, but fortunately no person knows anything about it. I am quite a grown-up young lady. The fact is incontestable. My aunt says that I have already exhausted one pleasure in life,— that of growing-up."

Charles' letters to her were not exactly what she would have wished them to be. Charming when first read, she found upon reading them a second time, a certain restraint in them, a deep sadness which made her uneasy; but these impressions were soon lost in a thousand others more intoxicating.

Life was seething, scintillating in the heart of this young girl of sixteen summers. She had spells of childish frolicsome mirth, and would spend hours playing with Charles' dog, Numa.

"But when one can read sufficiently below the surface, one can see that she is of a serious turn of mind," Monsieur Garnier would remark.

And together they visited art galleries, palaces, and places of historic fame.

A man of wealth and culture, he had converted his villa into a delightful retreat. In this he had been ably assisted by his wife, who was very skillful and experienced in the blending of colors, and arrangement of ornament so as to bring about artistic harmonious results.

Gisella loved this charming villa, where everything promoted joy and happiness.

She never grew tired of the garden, glorious now with the bloom and verdure of spring.

Hour after hour was spent admiring the paintings, statuary and tapestries the villa contained.

"No more gratings, no more funeral inscrip-

tions," she used to exclaim, as she roamed through the house.

But there was a painting in Charles' bedroom, which inspired her with deep and serious thoughts.

This painting, which was a masterpiece, represented Ignatius Loyola looking towards heaven.

"Charles admires it immensely," said Madame Garnier, one day when she had surprised Gisella looking at it. "He never wearies of it. He tells me the saint appears as if he were about to say once more, 'How vile the earth seems to me when I look up to heaven.'"

The mother had no intention of making the young girl sad, but unfortunately her words had that effect.

She noticed her mistake; so stroking the child's hair, she said, reassuringly.

"You must make the best of things now, dear. Don't you know that your future husband has strayed to us from heaven? If you doubt it, all you have to do is to look into his lovely eyes, wherein are reflected all the beautiful things of an invisible world. Be consoled; God is always the principal source of pure, true love. Would you want Charles to have a common, everyday nature?"

Gisella wished no such thing.

"Would I love him as well, if I admired him less?" she asked herself.

## CHAPTER VII

On a pleasant day in April of the same year 1625 a man was seen to leave the office of the Minister of State, in Paris.

He was of a noble appearance, and his bronzed complexion showed evidences of long exposure to the sun. His large black eyes gave a peculiar brightness to his half-burnt, anxious face.

He was in the vigor of manhood, and wore the uniform of the Royal Navy.

Absorbed in his own thoughts, he crossed the Minister's ante-chamber without noticing anyone; but once he had reached the outer steps, he stopped and resting his hand upon the balustrade, raised his eyes to gaze ahead of him.

Across that immense city of Paris, with its forest of spires, columns and domes, the royal white and gold flag of Old France was seen floating from the palace of the Louvre.

Indifferent to all else, the sailor followed it with his eyes, and a look of manly love lighted his noble countenance.

Anyone seeing him at that moment would be thoroughly convinced that he was a proud man, as

capable of patient persevering effort as he was of spontaneous heroism and invincible resistance.

With a light quick step the officer ran down the stone stair-case.

A carriage was in waiting.

"Drive to the villa Bois-Belle, at Auteuil," he ordered, as he entered the carriage.

A handsome young woman, who appeared decidedly weary of waiting, was seated in the back of it.

He greeted her with a smile which was sufficiently sweet and gracious to make her quite forget her past *ennui.*

"I was detained longer than I expected. How did you stand the delay, dear?" he asked her kindly.

The young woman drew her cloak closer around her, and answered lightly,

"Please do not try to humiliate me; you already know that there are limits to my patience."

"Then, my dear wife," he replied, "never try to make a Minister take an interest in a work that is for the nation's benefit."

These words were uttered in tones of ill-concealed sadness; drawing his cloak about him he seated himself beside her.

The horses started off at full speed. A moment later, the young woman said to her husband, as she looked lovingly at him:

"It is a great pity you smile so seldom; your smile is so fascinating."

"Really," he said, smiling again.

"Yes, it is like a sun-burst in a lowering sky, as your friends the Hurons would say."

"You are wrong to employ metaphor," he replied quickly. "Every civilized man understands flattery sufficiently well without its aid. Besides, a person is excusable in not smiling too often when he has dealings with the fur traders here, and the Iroquois out in Canada; particularly when he meets only with indifference from those in power," he added, a few moments later, with deep bitterness in his voice.

He let his head drop upon his breast and remained buried in thought.

His wife laid her hand caressingly upon his shoulder; and raising herself the better to reach his ear, she whispered in soft, consoling tones, "Despite the one and despite the other, you will have your New France."

Her manner and tone, so full of conviction, communicated itself to the sailor, and beaming a look of gratitude on the frail, dainty creature, who thus answered for the future, he took her hand and lovingly pressed it to his heart.

"I, too, am confident of the future," he said, with strong but suppressed emotion; "yes, I am con-

fident, but believe me, I am crushed by trials and disgust."

"I should love to assume them all," she replied, "and to bear on my shoulders all you have to suffer from the baseness and folly of others."

"I should be very sorry for you, my dear; even as it is, I often pity you; for like other women you must love a life of ease and pleasure."

"The greatest pleasure in life," she interrupted, hurriedly, "is to admire what we love. If you doubt this, it is that you have made a deeper study of forests and high seas, than of woman's heart."

"My dear child," he said, more pleased than he cared to admit, "you must not speak to your old husband in this way. Do you know I often wish I had nothing to do but to love you?"

"These moments would be fleeting, and return seldom," she answered with a smile. "You have too much heroic and adventurous blood in your veins to remain long happy at your fireside."

"My fireside! If you only knew how I love it — when you are there. Do you remember our pleasant winter evenings at the Habitation and at Fort St. Louis?"

"I remember every moment spent with you, dear."

"Come, you are flattering me horribly to-day. But I will forgive you, for it was so delightful to

have had you in that vast solitude; to find you waiting for me in the evening before the blazing logs upon the hearth."

"And then, to speak to me continually of New France," she said, a shade of banter in her voice.

He paid heed only to her last words, "New France."

"New France! It seems to me like a dream, an empty dream, as many have already told me with contempt. But the future will make of this empty dream a magnificent reality. God wishes it, and as you were saying a little while ago, despite the one, and despite the other, there *will* be a New France. Yes, and I will implant on that Canadian soil the old time honor, the old time faith, and so deeply that to eradicate those germs of heroism, it will be necessary to overthrow and destroy all."

These words were spoken with incomparable spirit, and throwing himself back in the carriage he remained silent. But it was evident his thoughts were no longer sad ones. Hope in the future had already banished every obstacle, and this time his wife did not disturb his reverie.

For some time the carriage had followed the high-road, then it turned into a long winding avenue bordered on each side by full-grown trees.

At the end of the avenue, between the newly budding trees, a pretty villa of Italian architecture, its roof gay with flowers and palms, was to be seen.

"Here we are at Bois-Belle," his wife remarked.

Rousing himself from his reverie, the sailor looked about him. The villa, basking in the sunlight and surrounded by flowers and foliage, presented a charming, peaceful aspect.

"Oh! the charm of rest," he murmured, as he sprang from the carriage and helped his wife to alight.

A moment later Monsieur and Madame de Champlain were announced.

## CHAPTER VIII

Madame Garnier was sitting alone with Gisella. On hearing her visitors announced, she arose quickly and went forward to meet them, eager joy in her face.

"At last!" she said, as she held out both hands in welcome. "Do you know we had almost given up expecting you?"

"Madame," answered Monsieur de Champlain graciously, "once a person has enjoyed your kind hospitality, he invariably returns a second time, even though he be domiciled in remotest Barbary."

Inwardly agitated, Gisella stood beside her tapestry-frame.

Madame Garnier introduced her, with pardonable pride, to her friends.

So recently a school-girl, Gisella was quite flattered by the chivalrous respect with which the illustrious sailor greeted her, and was greatly surprised, too, at the extreme youth of his wife.

The usual formalities over, Madame de Champlain looked around admiringly.

"How delightful it is here! Do you know, I should love to spend the remainder of my life here with you."

This was the opinion of many others; for the drawing-room in which Madame Garnier usually sat deserved this praise.

Furnished with admirable taste, the room was lighted by long narrow-arched windows that opened into the garden. The rich-toned, heavy curtains were drawn aside to admit the bright light and agreeable warmth of an April day. Through the windows, aglow with the rays of the evening sun, could be seen an emerald lawn profusely dotted with violets and early primroses in full bloom, while the strong branches of the fine old trees were clothing themselves in dainty feathery foliage.

The view was a charming one, and Champlain remarked that it must be far more so when the garden had reached the full beauty of bloom.

"Even then, I shall hesitate to ask you to walk there," said Madame Garnier.

"And you will do well," returned Madame de Champlain. "The man who has drunk the waters of unknown rivers — who has trodden the leaves accumulated during centuries! . . ."

"Come, come, you want to make a poem of my life," broke in Champlain.

"Do not be alarmed," replied Madame Garnier, "I will not allow that. You are a savage pure and simple, and as such you prefer forests to flower gardens."

"Madame," answered the great explorer, "the

forests of Canada are real gardens, gardens of incomparable beauty."

"Where one runs the risk of being scalped, devoured or torn to pieces," interjected the hostess.

"Certainly, one runs these risks to a certain extent, but Madame, in those immense gardens cultivated by the hand of God, there is so much to admire that one forgets all about danger."

"What has Madame de Champlain to say about the matter," asked Madame Garnier, laughing.

"I rarely went into the forests," answered the young woman. "Sometimes when the weather was pleasant and when my husband could accompany me, I went through part of the forest to Mass at the church of the Recollet Fathers, which is about a mile and a half from the Fort. But, if I did not penetrate very deeply into the woods, I contemplated them often and sufficiently near to be able to assure you that the slightest breath of wind evokes many harmonies and perfumes from that sea of foliage."

"According to the belief of the Indians," said Champlain, "the murmurings and the perfumes of the forests are nothing less than the sighs and the breath of the Manitou."

"And, according to Monsieur de Champlain," continued his wife, "when one has once heard the grand, weird music of the forests one no longer cares for any other."

Gisella smiled upon hearing those words; she cast a veiled cautious look at her harp that stood in a corner enveloped in its green silk cover.

Champlain, who had already heard of the young girl's great musical talent, remarked the glance and the smile.

"I notice that silent protest," he said, laughing, "but really you must be convinced that all is poetry and melody in the forests of Canada."

"And, I can assure you," continued Madame de Champlain, "that it is a lovely sight to see the smoke ascending from the Habitation and Fort St. Louis."

Gisella longed to see that wreathing smoke. In imagination she had already pictured that beautiful, ideal land. She was silent, but she gazed on Champlain as one who had brought, even into the drawing-room, something of the poetry of the wilderness.

"You are just home from the convent?" inquired Champlain, addressing Gisella.

"Yes, from Port Royal," answered the young girl.

"Port Royal," repeated Champlain, "that is the name we gave our first settlement in Acadia."

"Have you abandoned France altogether?" asked the young girl, in her melodious voice; "do you intend to live in Canada forever?"

The sailor smiled, and a flash of deep love lighted his dark eyes.

"What I want," he said, in his vibrating tones, "is to found a New France. I have made a very humble beginning, it is true, but all great works have had very small beginnings."

"That is very true," exclaimed Madame Garnier, after a few moments' reflection.

"Nothing could be truer," he said, gaily.

He rose and crossed the room to look more closely at two portraits that had attracted his attention.

These portraits, which hung on both sides of the mantel, represented two handsome young men of very striking resemblance. They both possessed the same noble bearing, the same happy countenance, the same grave serenity — one wore the habit of St. Francis, while the other was clothed in the robe of Mount Carmel.

"Are these your sons?" inquired Champlain.

"Yes, my sons — the two sons whom God has claimed from me."

Madame Garnier turned her eyes towards the handsome lads who appeared to return her look with love.

"But your youngest and only remaining son will soon be home, will he not?" inquired Champlain.

"Yes, he is already on his way,— after a long visit in Italy," answered Madame Garnier, her face beaming with joy.

Bending over a bowl of roses, which she feigned to be arranging, Gisella tried to hide the blushes that mantled her cheeks.

Monsieur Garnier came in just then, very much excited and delighted.

He kissed the hand which Madame de Champlain extended to him in greeting, and warmly embraced his friend.

"We had a day to ourselves," said Champlain, "so we came to spend it with you, as we had promised."

The magistrate was eloquent in his thanks. Apparently he was very happy.

"It is really deplorable," said Madame Garnier, "that our friends live betwixt heaven and the ocean,— or in remotest Barbary, as you said a little while ago, Monsieur de Champlain."

The Lord paramount of New France speaks very badly of his Kingdom," said Monsieur Garnier, as he seated himself beside his friend. "Are you still sighing after your beloved city of Quebec?" he asked.

"I should like a description of that city," murmured Gisella, who had but a vague idea of the French settlements in Canada.

"It is to me, I trust, that favor is addressed," said Champlain, with his most captivating smile.

Greatly flattered that the explorer anticipated her curiosity, Gisella would have wished to say some-

thing graceful in reply, but the words refused to come.

Seeing her embarrassment, the sailor began with admirable gravity,

"Quebec is the capital of New France, a lovely country where the forests entice you forever onwards. In that city, even at a short distance from the dwellings, the sky can scarcely be seen on account of the dense foliage of the trees."

"Among the edifices, may be noticed,"—prompted Monsieur Garnier.

"Truly," said Champlain, laughing, "a great deal is to be seen in the forest clearings. There is the Fort St. Louis, the home of Louis Hebert, first farmer of New France. The Habitation, your humble servant's first dwelling in those parts."

"The Habitation!" repeated Madame Garnier, "what a charming name. It savors of the wilderness."

"Madame, that name possesses for me a strange, sweet charm, which always thrills my heart. In the wilderness, home has far greater attractions than elsewhere. The Habitation, like the Fort, is surrounded by trenches and fortified with cannon. It is built on the banks of the St. Lawrence, the most beautiful river in the world, without exception."

"And what about your church?" asked the Magistrate.

"We have two churches now. The parish church

is very near the Habitation. Begun in the early days of June, 1615, it was opened for Divine service the 25th of the same month. Father Dolbeau was the architect. It is built of rough boards: — but rustic as it is, I find it beautiful, particularly when it is festooned with garlands of green, as it was the day Father Dolbeau said Mass in it for the first time. Surrounding the chapel is a lot a hundred and twenty feet in length by fifty or sixty in width.

"Quebec has but one street as yet. This street, which is quite steep, runs from the Habitation to the Fort and is called 'The Mountain Way.' When we pass along it on very windy days, the rustling of the leaves on both sides is like the surging of the sea.

"The population of Quebec, which consists almost entirely of men, numbers sixty."

"But they are a happy population, and do not try to hide their delight when their Governor returns to them," added Madame de Champlain.

"Especially when the Governor is accompanied by his charming wife," observed Monsieur Garnier, cavalierly.

"Frenchmen are the same the world over," answered Champlain. "But their great joy was pleasant to see. One would think that the Colony had no longer anything to fear and that I could put all the Iroquois to flight. We had a solemn 'Te

Deum,' sung to the accompaniment of cannon."

"Followed by a grand levee with speeches and bead necklaces," added Monsieur Garnier.

"No, sir; there were no speeches that day," said Madame de Champlain. "The Habitation, which had been neglected during its master's absence, was in great need of repair; so we were obliged to return to our ship which was anchored in deep water. Monsieur de Champlain was deeply distressed at not having a place wherein he could lodge me,—but I was delighted with my trip on land, and I can assure you I had every reason to be."

"Kindly give us some idea of that visit?" asked the Magistrate.

"It would be difficult for me to do so. I should be obliged to show you the St. Lawrence and Quebec by one of nature's grandest sunsets. On the bank of the river, through that golden haze, the Habitation and the little chapel were visible, while all around and on every side was forest, the primeval forest, vast and profound. I can assure you I was delighted with my domain."

"Madame is surely humoring the foibles of Quebec's founder just a little," said Madame Garnier looking at Champlain.

"Honestly, no, Madame. By summer's sun or winter's snows Quebec is lovely to see. I have travelled extensively, but nowhere have I seen anything more beautiful."

"The night of our arrival," continued Madame de Champlain. "We promenaded the deck of our ship for a long time. That hour remains an undying memory to me. Everything around us was so lovely, so peaceful, so weird. It was delightful, I assure you, to listen to my husband and dream of the future of New France."

"New France!" repeated Madame Garnier, "I admit that the name is strangely pleasing to me. Was it you, Monsieur de Champlain, who gave that name to Canada?"

"No, Madame; it was Henry IV who named Canada, New France."

"Well, then," said Madame Garnier, looking towards the brave explorer, "I should like to know what you anticipate for this poor little New France, which is as dear to you as your heart's blood."

"What I anticipate for it!" exclaimed Champlain. "Why, everything that constitutes our life, our glory, and our charm. I would have Canada be to America what France has been to Europe. I would wish the French of America to be of all nations the noblest, the most generous and the most brotherly. I want them to possess the old honor and the old Faith."

Champlain spoke with such energy and eloquence, that, carried away by his enthusiasm, they one and all cried out simultaneously, "Long live New France! Long live the French of Canada!"

Champlain smiled: but at the same moment his eyes were filled with tears.

They were all silent for a few moments.

"Have you heard," asked Champlain, addressing his host, "that the Jesuit Fathers have accepted the Recollets' invitation, and are coming to help those good missionaries to evangelize Canada?"

"Yes," answered Monsieur Garnier, "I even think the Fathers are chosen, and are only waiting a favorable opportunity to set out."

Just then the folding doors were thrown open, revealing the supper table, with its snow-white table-cloth, its old silver and cut-glass sparkling in the light of the rose-colored candles.

At the end of supper which was long and gay, the host had his choicest old wine brought from the cellar. When the glasses were filled he raised his, saying:

"Here's to New France! May it prosper and grow powerful,— and may it preserve forever in the New World, the Faith, the honor and language of Old France."

Champlain bowed with princely grace in acknowledgment of the toast, and Gisella had the great happiness of clinking glasses with the heroic sailor.

## CHAPTER IX

At an early hour the next morning Monsieur Garnier went for a walk in his garden.

Monsieur de Champlain, looking hale and hearty, had already preceded him there.

They greeted one another by a hearty handshake: then they sought a long, narrow walk bordered, in the old French fashion, by holly bushes.

There existed between these two men a lifelong friendship. It had suffered somewhat from their long separation; but its fragrance had remained in their hearts, and it was always with the sincerest pleasure that they met again.

They walked in silence for a few moments.

It was a mild April day, the sky was slightly veiled by light-scudding clouds. The trees were just bursting forth into leaf, and the woods had retained some of the pink tinge of early spring.

Primroses, violets and anemones glowed in the verdant grass, sparkling with morning dew. The warbling of birds, and sounds vague and mysterious, rose upon the stillness of early day.

"I love the early morning," said Champlain breaking the silence. "I love the springtime, I love

everything that speaks of life, of hope, and of the future."

The Magistrate smiled, and seeing that his friend was in a talkative mood, he ran his arm through his and prepared to listen to him. He had the deepest admiration for the Founder of Quebec, and respected even the reveries of his resolute, powerful mind. He knew that in these dreams Champlain was preparing miracles of future activity and patriotism.

He had followed Champlain in his noble and difficult career.

In the Council Chamber, he had seen him fight, single-handed, the cause of civilization for France against the greed of the traders and the stupidity of the Ministers who blindly supported the sordid interests of these individuals.

When the Companies that had been formed to assist in the colonization of Canada failed in their engagements, owing to their one thought of traffic with the Indians, Monsieur Garnier came nobly forward and materially helped the Colony. He was deeply interested in that New France which was as yet little more than a day-dream.

Champlain knew this well; consequently he spoke to him without restraint of his hopes and fears. Like all practical men, he saw clearly the difficulties of his undertaking.

These difficulties, both formidable and petty,

shrouded the future in a night of gloom. The sailor knew this better than anyone else, but when he spoke of his New France, his enthusiastic words seemed to turn the gloom of the future into a vista of great brightness.

Garnier felt his friend's enthusiasm in a special way that morning, and could not refrain from saying to him encouragingly,

"You will see that in the long run you will control men and circumstances."

Champlain sighed deeply.

"And even if you do not succeed," continued Monsieur Garnier, "even if France should not survive you, it is a glorious thing to have spent one's life in such a noble and difficult undertaking."

"You are right," replied Champlain. "I have often thought that, and should I be obliged to abandon the undertaking, I shall not regret my work. But, I will succeed, I must succeed. I am fairly well on in years, it is true, and I have spent much of my strength in almost sterile efforts. But the thought that one is working for God and France is inspiring."

"Why are you not better understood, better helped in your struggle!" exclaimed Monsieur Garnier, sadly.

"Do not pity me, dear friend. The reward is in proportion to the labor, and my City of Quebec, as you call it, has already afforded many pleasures.

When, as I emerge from the forest, I see in the clearings, the Habitation, the Fort, the chapel, I am thrilled by a strange happiness, and on looking at the smoke ascending from our homes I have often dreamed the same dream."

"And what was your dream?"

"I saw barbarism supplanted by the Cross, the forests replaced by corn-fields, France dominating those vast regions and bringing us the joys of baptism and the teachings of eternal life. Then, resting beneath the shade of the trees, my gun within reach, I planned the City of Quebec and its destinies."

"And may its destinies be all that you anticipate for it," said the Magistrate, deeply affected.

"Then I will let you imagine whether the City of Quebec will play an insignificant role in the New World or not."

"And why shouldn't it play a very important role? Haven't you by dint of hard labor succeeded in kindling the first spark of civilization there?"

"Yes, and I trust that the spark will become a beacon of resplendent light. I want Quebec to be the most Catholic city of America."

"I also wish all that, dear friend. Moreover, I trust that Canada, but especially Quebec, will keep an undying memory of you."

"It suffices that Canada preserve forever the language, the honor, the Faith of France, as you

so eloquently said last evening. I wish for nothing more, and each time I enter my little chapel in Quebec I ask this favor from Almighty God. This chapel is very poor, very small, but,—(smile at me if you will), I can pray more fervently there than in Notre Dame."

"That is easily explained. It is the first temple of the True God in that idolatrous world, and then you yourself caused it to be built."

"Truly I have much to be thankful for. It was in that humble chapel that we inaugurated Catholic worship on the banks of the St. Lawrence. All my colonists were present, and we received Holy Communion. After Mass the 'Te Deum' was sung to the accompaniment of artillery."

"When was that?"

"It was on the 25th of June, 1615, a glorious day when even the forests seemed to rejoice. I was happy, unspeakably happy."

"'Joy is always in proportion to the pain,' as you remarked a little while ago."

"A great truth, indeed, so beware of ever pitying me again. There are joys which are a source of inexhaustible strength for the soul."

"I believe so; but one must make superhuman efforts to attain them."

"Not so, my friend. God gives them when He deems the time favorable. As for me — if I may quote myself — all the joys of my life grew dim

when I heard the Angelus ring for the first time in New France. That voice of prayer rose so deeply impressive in that wild savage country! Listening to it I was thrilled to my innermost soul; and throwing myself on my knees, I wept in the excess of joy. Oh! what a moment of delight that was, dear friend. I felt that the Blessed Virgin was showering blessings upon the Colony; that, yearning for that poor idolatrous people, she would finally lead them to the knowledge and worship of the true God. When I rose, I thought all the voices of that vast solitude were chanting, 'Hail, Queen,— Hail, Virgin,— Hail Mother.'"

Realizing that he had been speaking with unwonted feeling, Champlain became suddenly silent. A few moments later he continued calmly:

"Therefore, I ordered the Angelus to be rung regularly at the usual hour, and I always feel deep gratitude and joy whenever I hear it."

"My friend," said the Magistrate, "there are joys which count both for this world and for the next."

Champlain did not answer just then, but after having walked for a few moments in silence, he looked round and said:

"These country houses on the outskirts of large cities have incomparable charms. They remind me of gardens on the seashore."

"I really think," said Monsieur Garnier, "that

the suburbs of Paris are a little like the seashore. They make us thoughtful and dreamy."

"I believe I can dream a little everywhere," answered Champlain, smiling.

"Yes of your New France. All your thoughts tend that way."

"How can I help it? I left the essential part of my soul there, as the Indians would say. Shall I admit it? Your beautiful garden is not half so pleasing to me as a little garden I own on the banks of the St. Lawrence."

"What is there so exceptional about your little garden?"

"Nothing, it is simply a kitchen-garden. But Madame de Champlain had the happy thought of planting in it, unknown to me, a large quantity of *fleur-de-lys*. One fine day on my return from exploration, I found them in full bloom on Canadian soil. The sight of them made me foolishly happy. It's so strange, we remain so childlike in some ways."

"It is very fortunate we do so far as our feelings are concerned. But be assured the old French vigor will sink deeply in that new soil, and make it produce unfading glory and beauty."

Champlain smiled, and his beautiful dreamy eyes seemed to be questioning the future.

"Are you quite decided not to take Madame de Champlain to Canada again?" asked Garnier.

"Yes, irrevocably decided. There are too many hardships to endure, too many dangers to encounter. God alone prevents the Indians from recognizing how much we are at their mercy."

"If you had foreseen that the Colony would remain thus abandoned and on the verge of ruin, you would not have taken Madame de Champlain with you?"

"I had very few delusions about the Colony. Between ourselves, I took my wife to Canada, because, in my absence, her family made her endure a thousand and one persecutions on account of her religion. She who is as pious as an angel, suffered cruelly in being thus hindered in the practice of it by her Calvinist friends. I have no further anxiety on that score now, for her mother has become a Catholic."

"Madame de Champlain displayed great courage?"

"Admirable courage and a touching resignation through all her discomforts. She won the esteem and affection of Indians and French alike."

"What does she think of your decision to leave her behind?"

"She never thinks of disputing my will, for she has retained a childlike submission to me. Remember she was not quite twelve when I married her."

"I remember it distinctly. Beneath her bridal veil she looked like a first communicant."

"Poor child! her life is a sad one. She would like to retire to a convent."

"Why don't you take her with you? It is so hard to live without love and companionship always."

"I know that well. It is a great joy to have her with me out there. Her childish delight upon my return in the evenings was consoling in the extreme. You can not imagine how ingenious she was in procuring for me in Quebec the comforts and necessities of civilized life; nor could I quite understand how she managed to surround me with such comforts and to make my home so charmingly attractive."

"Perhaps her presence alone sufficed. Nothing transforms a home like the presence of a charming woman."

"I have never had much leisure to inquire into that matter," answered Champlain, gaily. "But my home in Quebec appeared to me the loveliest one in all the world."

"Without flattery, it is a poetic home, with exceptional surroundings," said Garnier.

Champlain was silent. A man of incomparable energy, a man of action and of organization, he had nevertheless in his soul that deep vein of poetry,

and reverie which is acquired by a life in the forest, and a thousand delightful and perplexing emotions awoke within him.

He saw himself back again in the home which he had built himself, in the depths of the forests, gazing at the cheerful blaze that rose from the hearth. While the wind sighed outside, and in the distance, France rejuvenated and smiling appeared upon the shores of the mighty St. Lawrence. "And all that was so restful," he murmured, as if in answer to his own thoughts.

"Do take her with you," said the Magistrate.

"Listen," said Champlain smiling, "at Fort St. Louis, we often lack the necessities of life. For a delicate woman, mushrooms and wild roots are very poor nourishment, indeed."

"It is quite decided, then: you wish to return to Canada alone, to live and die there."

"Who knows where I shall die? The needs of the Colony will often recall me to France. But, "he added, with unlooked for emotion, "if I had my choice, I should like to die at my post of honor. It is at Quebec, on the soil of Canada, that I wish to sleep my long last sleep."

Then, suddenly changing his tone he asked:

"You are daily expecting your son?"

"Yes, I expect him from day to day now."

"Is he travelling alone in Italy?"

"No, he has a companion, Monsieur de Brunand,

an officer on leave of absence, an agreeable, manly fellow, a few years older than Charles and accustomed to travel."

"Madame Garnier told me that her son causes her some little anxiety occasionally," said Champlain, "she would like to see him — less perfect."

"That seems a little unreasonable, does it not? But I am of the same opinion, although I do not say anything about it. I candidly acknowledge that I would be delighted to discover some fault in him."

"Be assured that he has some, only you cannot see them."

"I would believe you, if his mother and myself were the only ones who thought him perfect, but all who know him think likewise."

"The last time I saw him, he was only a little boy, but most interesting. Are you afraid that he wants to become a religious like his two brothers?"

"He will never get my consent," answered the Magistrate, with great vehemence.

"Probably he may never ask you," said Champlain, quite calmly.

"What do you mean?" asked Monsieur Garnier, a peculiar ring in his voice.

"Why it is quite plain. Before the end of the month the boy will be head over ears in love."

Monsieur Garnier smiled. "His mother asserts a hundred times a day that he will not be able to help himself. Providence, she says, has arranged

all that, and did not place the child in our midst without some good motive."

"How old is your son now?"

"Just nineteen."

"Has he seen Mademoiselle Meliand very often?"

"For nine years she was at Port Royal. We took him to see her as often as we were allowed. He was very fond of her, and the two children considered themselves destined for one another. It was quite amusing to listen to their fine plans for the future and to see their deep mutual love. But since his two brothers have become religious, Charles only speaks of doing God's will, and other matters relating to heaven. I see plainly that he is unhappy, and undecided about something."

"He will not hesitate long. Only think of it: at twenty to find your affianced at your fireside and to live in such close companionship."

"Her voice charms him," continued Monsieur Garnier, visibly comforted. "He says nothing is more ravishing than the human voice, especially when it is a beautiful one."

"That is certainly true, and I recognized that fact last evening when I heard Mademoiselle Meliand sing. Madame de Champlain is quite enthusiastic about her voice, and says the child's singing carries her to heaven."

"And what do you say?" asked the Magistrate.

"I, Oh! I am too leaden-winged for such flights. But the young girl possesses admirable gifts. Added to her remarkable innocence, she has an expression which indicates great beauty and strength of character. In giving her to you, God has bestowed upon you a very charming daughter."

"I often assure myself that, with deep gratitude. But Charles is such a strange young fellow, he is so little like other young men."

"But he is neither deaf nor blind."

"No, thank God," answered the father, laughing.

"Then his fate is irrevocably fixed,— unless his young cousin will have none of him."

"That is not what disquiets me. From her earliest youth, Gisella has loved him with an extraordinary love, and this love has grown with her years. But Charles' sole thought now, is to advance in perfection; which does not hinder him from being very charming. His expression denotes strength, and beauty of soul, too."

The two men stood still, and raised their hats. Madame de Champlain and Gisella had entered the garden.

## CHAPTER X

A few hours later a plain hired carriage stopped at Bois-Belle.

A man wrapped in a long black cloak stepped out. Opening the garden gate, he walked to the front door of the villa. He was very tall and powerfully built. Beneath his cloak which he had thrown across his arm, the black habit, crucifix and beads of Loyola's sons were visible.

"Is Monsier de Champlain still here?" he asked the little white-capped maid who had opened the door to him.

"Yes, sir, he is," she answered promptly.

"Then will you kindly tell him that Father Brébeuf presents his compliments and wishes to speak to him for a few minutes."

Walking ahead of the Jesuit, the little maid ushered him into a room which had every appearance of being a studio. She offered him an arm-chair, and then withdrew to deliver his message.

The religious sat down without even casting a glance about him. And yet the room contained many works of art, beautiful statuary and fine paintings. But he did not appear to see any of

them, for resting his head on the top of his high-backed chair, he gazed through the open window. It was easy to see, however, that his thoughts were very far from that lovely garden and from the pleasant restful landscape of Auteuil.

After a few moments' delay, a sun-burnt hand lifted the heavy portière, and Champlain entered. Then the Founder of New France and the most illustrious of his missionaries met for the first time.

Rapid glances were exchanged between them, after they had greeted one another with the courteous respect which was the etiquette of France at that time.

"I came to tell you," said the Jesuit, promptly, "that Fathers Lallement, Masse and I, are the ones chosen to go out to Canada. My Superior has sent me to announce the news to you and to tell you that we leave for Dieppe tomorrow, where we will take the ship, which sails for Canada at the first favorable wind."

Champlain expressed his great satisfaction and courteously invited Father Brébeuf to be seated again.

"I shall soon follow you, Father," he said, as he took a chair opposite him. And all the time they were chatting about their approaching departure and the crossing of the ocean, such a hardship at that time, Champlain was attentively studying Father

Brébeuf to see what manner of man the Society of Jesus had chosen to send out to convert the terrible savages of Canada.

The pale serene brow showed patient strength of character. Upon his manly face, furrowed by premature wrinkles, the sufferings of chastened nature had left their unmistakable traces; but the visible happiness of interior peace had softened and beautified them. One felt that this Jesuit no longer experienced any difficulty in the mastery of self. His dark hair, very scant about his brow and well sprinkled with grey, showed he had passed the meridian of life. The thought of sacrifice and the mere mention of his near departure made his clear mild eyes beam with delight.

Champlain, who was quick to recognize a grand, heroic nature, soon thought to himself —

"Those Jesuits possess great discernment. This man is constituted for silent, bloody conflict."

A good judge of physical strength, Champlain could not help admiring Father Brébeuf's magnificent figure.

"Built like an athlete," he thought as he looked at his broad, powerful shoulders and his large muscular throat, cleft by the black stock of his Order.

He laughingly complimented the Jesuit upon his great strength, assuring him that it would prove most useful to him out in the wilds of Canada and win him the admiration of the Indians as well.

"I have no fault to find with my constitution," answered Father Brébeuf, with a smile, "But I thought the red-skins thoroughly despised white people."

"They think themselves infinitely superior to us," answered Champlain, "that cannot be denied. They scorn civilization and hold the faith in horror. They only value our firearms, and our brandy,—fire-water as they call it."

"They are very degraded, very cruel, are they not?"

"It is impossible to exaggerate their cruelty. I have been an eye witness of it," said Champlain, with a most expressive gesture. "Pray to God, Father, that you may never see them at their infernal practices."

"I have so many other things to ask God for," returned Brébeuf, in a rapt manner.

"Have you any idea of what is awaiting you out there? Do you realize that you are going to face a life which is far worse than death?" asked Champlain, as he looked the Jesuit straight in the eyes.

The missionary bowed his head in silence.

"To live among the Indians," Champlain continued, "is to live in constant suffering and want. One must die to all needs of soul and body."

"So much the better, sir, I am quite willing that all that is human in me should die — if only I am

allowed to do the work which God has allotted to me."

"In Satan's kingdom, God's delegates run great risks. They hold fast to their superstitions, those passionate, barbaric Indians,— and as God's emissary, you may in all probability meet a most horrible death."

A heavenly light shone in the Jesuit's eyes.

"That is in accordance with the general rule," he answered cheerfully, "the shedding of blood is necessary for the sowing and fructification of the seed of true life. But will Almighty God deign to accept mine? I offer Him, from henceforth, and with a glad heart — both my blood and my life."

The priest uttered these words quite simply and with a sincerity that deeply impressed Champlain. The intrepid sailor knew human nature under every aspect, but, nevertheless, the Jesuit's eager anticipation of suffering thrilled him with surprise. But we rarely tell the Saints the deep admiration they inspire. Still, wishing to say something; he asked:

"Father Brébeuf, have you any knowledge of the ways and customs of the Indians?"

"A very superficial one, I fear."

"The Indians of Canada have customs quite peculiar to themselves: for instance, it is considered quite rude to address a person by his own name; in speaking to an Indian, you must call him either Uncle, Brother, Cousin or Nephew, according to his

age and position, and you must not recall to them the memory of their dead. To tell an Indian that his father or mother is dead, is to offer him a mortal insult, and the Indians are fearfully proud and vindictive. You will be obliged to observe closely and study a good deal."

"Ah! if I could only make myself understood by those poor Indians! But their different dialects are very difficult to learn, I am told."

"Yes, that is true; and so far as I can judge, they are very rich in expression, and very regular in construction; but one must learn them without the aid of books and, as it were, almost without a master. Once I was obliged in spite of myself to spend a whole winter with the Hurons, and while hunting with my guide and host, Chief Darontal, I learned a little of the language. But I am still obliged to have recourse to my interpreters."

"Well," answered the missionary, "while learning to speak Huron, I can at least baptize the little dying children. To save a single one of those little souls, I would gladly cross the ocean; and go and live with the Indians."

"The salvation of one soul is surely worth more than the conquest of an empire," murmured Champlain.

"You have already loudly proclaimed that truth, sir; and if I remember well, you added: — 'Kings should only think of conquering idolatrous nations

in the hope of bringing them to the knowledge of the true God.' "

"It is not necessary to be a great theologian to know that much."

"No," answered Father Brébeuf, smilingly, "it is sufficient to have faith, and to have the eyes of our heart enlightened, as St. Paul says. Do you think, Monsieur de Champlain, that the people of Canada will be hard to convert?"

"It is an open question whether we shall ever succeed or not. The Recollet Fathers have labored very hard, but trying to convert the Indians is, literally, like building on the quick-sands or on rolling stones."

"They are very intelligent, notwithstanding?"

"Yes, in certain things. They are very clever liars, they can steal with their feet as well as with their hands. Quite a few of them are even eloquent. But they are so barbarous that they have no language wherewith to express their idea of God. To speak to them of God, we must make use of paraphrase: 'The One who made everything.' 'The great Captain of men,' etc. To this barbarity add pride and revenge, which is the most deeply-rooted vice of their nature, and tell me if there is any great hope of converting them."

Father Brébeuf listened to all this with unchangable serenity.

"When we shall have suffered sufficiently out

there," he said calmly, "a Church will spring up and flourish."

"And we shall have a Christian kingdom — a French Kingdom — out there. Oh, Father, this has been my life-long dream."

"Say your mission, sir. God rarely allows a man of your excellent worth, to waste his life in an idle dream."

"Then you really believe in the possibility of a New France," exclaimed Champlain. "Say that you do, Father."

Father Brébeuf looked at him with deep but well-controlled emotion.

"The future is beyond our knowledge," the missionary said very quietly. "It is hidden in the designs of God. But the patriotism which makes great men, can also work wonders. I firmly believe there will be a New France, to Champlain's everlasting honor and glory."

Champlain bowed low, and his handsome sunburnt face was wreathed in smiles.

"God wills it," he said, "it is plainly evident. If Roberval, and La Roche failed so miserably, it is that New France has a high destiny and could not emanate from a band of criminals. As for Chauvin — a Protestant should not be the Founder of New France."

"Can I do anything for you in Quebec, Monsieur de Champlain?"

"Certainly you can. You can pray for me. 'Unless the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.'"

Brébeuf rose to take his leave.

"Father," Champlain said, "my host and my wife will never forgive me, if I allow you to go away from here without having seen them,— even if it be but for a moment."

Passing through several rooms, Champlain led the Jesuit to where Monsieur and Madame Garnier, Madame de Champlain and Gisella sat chatting together.

After introducing Father Brébeuf, Champlain turned towards Gisella and said:

"Mademoiselle Meliand, I crave a farewell song for this Knight of Christ, who is going out to Canada with the hope of being roasted inch by inch, one of these days."

"No, no," said the missionary, as he returned the young girl's glance. "Don't be alarmed, such a glorious fate will never be mine. The most I may expect is to die of want and rheumatism among my Indians. But in the meanwhile, I shall be delighted to hear that farewell song, which Monsieur de Champlain has so kindly suggested."

Not quite aware of what she was doing, Gisella rose and went over to her harp.

Father Brébeuf's appearance as well as Champlain's words had deeply affected her. Her heart

was beating wildly and while softly fingering her instrument, she said to herself:

"My God! inspire me what to sing for this Jesuit, who may, in all probability one day be a martyr."

And, in spite of all that is hard and incomprehensible to human nature in a missionary's life, it was a tender joyful song that rose to her lips: "*Jesu dulcis memoria,* Jesus, the very thought of Thee with sweetness fills my breast."

Gisella sang the entire sweet hymn — so often sung at Port Royal — and her deep emotion only added a new charm to her truly angelic voice.

Brébeuf listened motionless, with closed eyes and in that deep recollection which is the heavenly strength and rest of the soul. And as he listened, it seemed to him that this ravishing voice was but the echo of the love that was singing in himself.

Song is the sublimest expression of life and happiness. It reveals the soul to itself and completely ravishes it. Those who were present realized this truth and never forgot the joy of that hour. Long after Gisella had ceased singing, they remained silent.

"Thank you, Mademoiselle Meliand," said Champlain, as he hastily brushed away his tears. "I shall carry the memory of your sweet hymn with me to the wilds of Canada."

Father Brébeuf rose enraptured. *Jesu dulcis*

*memoria!* What a beautiful death-song for the missionary tied to the stake of torture. And in a transport of joy he repeated:

*Nec lingua valet dicere*
*Nec littera exprimere,*
*Expertus potest credere*
*Quid sit Jesum diligere.*

The Jesuit was magnificent to see just then. They felt that the love of God possessed him completely; that sufferings, no matter of what nature they might be, far from smothering this heavenly fire, would only serve to make it burn the brighter.

Standing beside her harp, her heart aglow with enthusiasm, Gisella gazed at him without perceiving that her face was bathed in tears.

The missionary came and stood beside her.

"The love of God surpasses every other delight, every other desire. Do not forget it," he said; "you who have sung of this love, as the angels themselves do." He traced the sign of the cross on her fair brow — then looking at those who surrounded him, Father Brébeuf joined his hands and humbly repeated what St. Paul said to the faithful of Rome, when he announced his departure for Spain:

"My dearly beloved, I implore you by Our Saviour Jesus Christ and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, to help me by the prayers which you will offer to God in my behalf, as I am to announce the

Gospel to those who have never heard it preached as yet."

Champlain and Monsieur Garnier accompanied Father Brébeuf to his carriage.

Gisella remained standing upon the steps, and followed the priest with a wistful look until he had reached the end of the avenue. All she had heard of the Indians' diabolic cruelty was quite vivid in her mind; and through her tear-blinded eyes, she saw the poor missionary dragged to the "Bloody Hut," torn, roasted and devoured amid brutal gibes and howls of delight.

## CHAPTER XI

"After your long day's journey you must be tired and wish to get to bed; so I shall run off. But just one word more before I go. Hasn't Gisella grown very beautiful?"

"She certainly has, Mother dear," Charles answered, quietly, "and I think she possesses that true beauty which bespeaks the dominance of the soul."

"She's not the only one who possesses that kind of beauty," his mother lovingly whispered in his ear.

"And you are not the only mother who wilfully blinds herself regarding her son," he answered with a smile.

"I blind myself. Come let us see if I do," she said gaily, as she drew him to her.

She gazed at him for a long time with inexpressible tenderness — and then ended her scrutiny by kissing him repeatedly. "No, I am not blinded," she said, "and you are a dear, saucy boy to say so."

Inwardly she thought that even the angels who had appeared on earth, in human form, were not any fairer than her son, and be it said, the fond

mother scarcely exaggerated. Charles Garnier possessed that noble and brilliant beauty which we usually associate with the messengers of God. Only to look at him one was convinced that his soul was inundated with fervent love and heavenly peace. His brow appeared undimmed as yet by any shadow, and his smiling eyes of tender blue, awed you at the same time that they enthralled you.

But, this evening, those beautiful eyes were heavy with sleep. His mother noticed it, and rose to take her departure.

"Until tomorrow, dear boy," she said as she kissed him good-night.

He accompanied her to the door and was about to retire for the night when he heard his name called in a low voice from the adjoining room.

"What is it, Reginald?" he asked, as he crossed the room and lifted the heavy portière.

"I wish to speak to you, if you are not too tired," said a young man who stood beside a table which bore a lamp and a few books.

Charles Garnier stifled a yawn and, without comment, passed into his travelling companion's room.

Reginald de Brunand invited him to take a seat on the sofa which was beyond the shadow of the lamp.

Of dark complexion, slight and elegant in figure,

Reginald de Brunand appeared about twenty-five or thirty years of age and wore the uniform of a lieutenant in the Cuirassiers.

He seemed troubled and remained standing, opening and closing the books which he took haphazard from the table.

"Well," said Charles, after a few moments' silence, "if you have nothing to say to me, would it not be better for us to get to bed? It's past midnight, and we have travelled quite a long distance today."

"What does it matter, now that we have reached home?" answered the lieutenant. "If I were in your place, I should have no more inclination for sleep than a Saint who had just entered heaven."

"Are you quite sure of that?" Charles asked, as he rubbed his eyes. "You don't look too wide awake yourself, and you appear decidedly out of sorts. What's the matter old fellow?" he added, more kindly.

"There's nothing the matter with me, except that my veins are running liquid fire, while the marrow is frozen in my bones."

"What we call fever, in everyday language, Reginald?"

"No, I have no fever," answered the officer, as he seated himself beside his friend, "but I think you most fortunate. What a charming life you have before you!"

"I have nothing to complain of," Charles answered, a little surprised at his friend's tone.

"By my faith! I don't see what you possibly could complain of here . . . unless your little cousin should take a dislike to you. But her reception tonight goes far to prove her fondness for you. What do you think of your little sister Gisella, as you call her?"

"Much taller and a great deal prettier; quite charming in fact. And you, lieutenant, what do you think of her?"

"Mademoiselle Meliand is very nice," Reginald answered coldly.

"Very nice!" repeated Charles, laughing. "Why, Reginald, you must be very tired, quite exhausted in fact, to speak of Mademoiselle Meliand like that."

"You are right," interrupted Reginald, laughing to hide his embarrassment: "to speak of Mademoiselle Meliand as being nice, is to express myself very inadequately indeed."

He rose abruptly and, crossing over to the window, drew aside the heavy curtain.

The sky was mild and clear.

"It is a lovely night, Garnier," he said; "let us go for a walk in the garden."

A little surprised at his friend's request, Charles opened the window and both young men passed out into the garden. The moon shone brightly, and be-

yond the shadow cast by the giant trees, the flowers of the lawn were distinctly visible. The perfume of the lilac and lily of the valley floated upon the air, while ever and anon deep indefinable sounds broke the stillness of the night.

"How beautiful! How deliciously peaceful everything is," Charles murmured, as he looked around with deep content.

A light glimmering through the feathery foliage upon the balcony attracted his attention.

"That's Gisella's room," he remarked, "the child is still awake, I see."

The lieutenant remained silently gazing at the light, just as if a star of unusual brilliancy had suddenly sprung up before him.

"Come," said Charles, as he linked his arm through his friend's, "tell me what is the matter?"

"You'll be surprised, no doubt," answered Reginald, rousing himself from his reverie—"I have decided to leave you tomorrow."

"You're going away tomorrow," repeated Charles like one who could scarcely believe his ears.

"I must — it's imperative that I should," answered the lieutenant, as he led Charles to a walk beyond the lawn, "and I depend on you to explain my sudden departure."

"What does this all mean, Reginald?" asked Charles, greatly astonished. "As a rule you're not swayed by caprice."

"It's not caprice but downright common sense that urges me to go."

"Convince me of that if you can."

"Charles," Reginald said, with sudden emotion, "you're the most agreeable fellow I know and, in spite of your youth, my dearest and most trusted friend."

"But all this does not explain why you are so anxious to get away from here," Charles interrupted abruptly. "You haven't been called away, and you know you promised to remain at Bois-Belle for quite a long time."

"When I made that promise I did not know the risks I was running. It is the instinct of self-preservation."

"Do speak like a sensible person, Reginald."

"I am speaking seriously," the young lieutenant answered, while a momentary lightning flash burned in his dark brown eyes. "I am afraid to trust myself too often in Mademoiselle Meliand's company, so I'm running away before I fall madly in love with her."

"But, why run away; why not remain here and see if you can win her love, since she has made such a deep impression upon you."

"Why, why?" repeated the lieutenant, "because it would be a loss of time; she already loves you."

"Certainly she loves me, and I love her, too, very dearly, but we are like brother and sister."

"A sister who is very distantly related to you,—and who will soon become your wife."

"You are making a great many assertions tonight, Reginald."

The lieutenant remained silent, so Charles continued: "Mademoiselle Meliand deserves a husband a thousand times better than I am,—I am fully convinced of that; but notwithstanding her many charms and accomplishments, I have higher aspirations. You know very well I do not wish to contract any earthly union."

"My sincere congratulations, young man," said Reginald, with mock gravity.

"I accept them and I assure you that you'll see me a religious one of these days."

"But your father has other plans in view for you. He informed me of his determination of marrying you to his ward; and, by the way, it seemed to me that he was giving me a warning, rather than honoring me with his confidence."

"I shall never marry," said Charles, with quiet decision.

"When you have struggled a little against love, you'll speak otherwise."

Charles listened to his friend in undisturbed calm. Suddenly he asked:

"Do you remember the last evening we spent in the Coliseum and all we said concerning the happiness of those who renounce everything for God?"

"Certainly, I remember it. You mean all you said then; but you can't help yourself; you are destined to enjoy the pleasures of earth; so you might as well resign yourself to your fate. All your prayers will prove unavailing. You can't run away from her, therefore you must love her. No human heart is proof against such beauty."

"When the heart is empty of all other love perhaps," murmured Charles, as he raised his eyes towards heaven. "But when the heart is full to overflowing —"

"The fire of love penetrates everywhere, as you'll soon learn. But let us go in now," Reginald said, quite dejectedly.

Alone in his room once more, Charles, instead of going to bed, seated himself at his table, and burying his face in his hands, remained there for quite a long time. Then rising, he cast himself upon his knees before an ivory crucifix which hung on the wall, and raising his eyes and hands towards the sacred image, he said:

"Sweet Jesus, grant that I may not prove faithless to Thee! but that I may do Thy holy will."

## CHAPTER XII

Lieutenant de Brunand had just taken leave of his friends.

His carriage had already disappeared upon the high road, yet Charles remained motionless and deeply absorbed where he had bidden him good-bye.

Gisella, who had been watching Charles, now joined him.

"Your friend's departure has grieved you. You're very fond of Monsieur de Brunand are you not?" she asked, in that sweet tone which gave such impressive power to her voice.

"Poor Reginald!" murmured Charles, involuntarily.

"Why, one would almost think he was going to his death," Gisella remarked, a flitting smile parting her lips.

Charles gave her a steady questioning look, but made no comment.

"Are you going indoors, or are you coming to walk with me in the garden?" she asked.

Still standing upon the door-step, Monsieur and Madame Garnier, looked proudly after them.

"Youth and Spring are undoubtedly two beautiful things," remarked the mother, after a few mo-

ments' silence. "Look and tell me if it is not delightful to see those children together again."

"Charles has greatly benefited by his trip," she continued, for her husband remained silent and thoughtful. "He has certainly thrown off his school-boy appearance and assumed the ease and grace of a man of the world. His figure has attained its greatest elegance, if not its full strength."

"Imagine," said the Magistrate, in a low tense voice, "he has already dared to repeat his foolish request to be allowed to enter the Jesuit Order. He no longer says as formerly: 'I hesitate; I am in doubt, and should like to make a trial;' but he says, and most emphatically, 'I am quite decided now.'"

Madame Garnier's eyes filled with tears. "And yet he appeared so happy when he came back to us."

"I mastered my anger as best I could. I told him we would speak of this matter again at the end of six months. I strictly forbade him in the meantime, to grieve you or Gisella with his foolish resolutions. Never fear, before the six months have expired he will have regained his senses. Even now, I think he fears for his decision. What a lovely girl Gisella is, and how much her happiness enhances her beauty. She is truly bewitching. Charles can make whatever plans he likes, but I don't think his resolution to become a religious can possibly hold out against her attractiveness."

And while the parents thoroughly discussed the

subject that so deeply interested them, Charles and Gisella walked up and down one of the long narrow garden paths.

Only a few short words were uttered between them.

Gisella thought that Charles felt his friend's departure altogether too keenly. His behavior towards her surprised her, made her feel ill at ease, and, instead of being able, as she had anticipated, to chat unreservedly with him, she found she had nothing to say. But she was happy nevertheless.

But, as the days wore on, this intense joy was often mingled with sadness.

Undeniably it was delightful to have Charles there; she couldn't grow accustomed to the pleasure of seeing him, of listening to his voice; his presence added an infinite charm to her daily life and yet at times he seemed farther away from her than ever before.

He no longer made her conscious of that delightful, invisible bond which had always existed between them till then.

"One would almost think he was living in a superior world," Gisella would often remark to Madame Garnier, "and he inspires me with a nameless fear — a strange unconquerable respect."

## CHAPTER XIII

Gisella was not completely happy. The thought that Charles meditated entering religion like his brothers haunted her continually. His father would never consent to his joining the Jesuit Order, she knew perfectly well. Madame Garnier assured her several times a day that such a thing could not — would not, happen.

"Do you think," she would ask, "that Providence has been planning your happiness in vain? Charles is certainly not a commonplace person. The heroism of sacrifice attracts him. But believe me, he will be obliged to resign himself to the simple Christian life."

Gisella would allow herself to be thus convinced, and sweet intoxicating dreams would soon banish her deep sadness. But a trip which they took together to Havre gave her an insight into Charles' indomitable firmness and strength of will, and sadness once more took possession of her soul. Whether it was the wish to grasp things as they really were, or a secret strength which made her look her destiny in the face, she wrote a personal account of this trip.

It ran thus:

"We went to Paris, to say good-bye to Monsieur de Champlain. The thought that I had never seen the ocean, stirred his sailor's heart.

"'My dear Garnier,' he said, bluntly, 'I want Mademoiselle Meliand to see the ocean. I won't take any refusal. You can all accompany me to my ship, and then bring Madame de Champlain back to Paris.'

"My uncle dislikes travelling very much; he loves his own way and his own beautiful home. He consented, however, to accompany us, and the next day he, Charles and I followed Monsieur de Champlain.

"If I am not greatly mistaken, Charles did not care to come with us, and it needed a formal command from his father to make him do so. This necessarily saddened me; but his presence soon produced its usual effect on me. All my fears and sorrows are centered and yet lose themselves in him; consequently, every moment of the trip was deliciously happy. Five days after leaving Paris we reached Havre. Monsieur and Madame de Champlain had already arrived and were waiting dinner for us.

"During dinner, Monsieur de Champlain told us of the best place on the cliff from which we could get the loveliest view of the ocean. My uncle immediately ordered a carriage, but when it arrived he declared he was too tired to come with us. 'You'll

excuse me, darling, won't you?' he said, as he drew his dressing-gown from the depths of his bag. 'Charles is quite capable of taking care of you, in any case.'

"Of late Charles avoids being left alone with me; consequently, I am ill at ease with him.

"Monsieur de Champlain looked at us both in a strange, inquiring way. He wasn't the least bit fatigued, he said, and would most willingly accompany us, only he had too much to do.

"Charles and I started off alone. The weather was extremely fine, and the roads were quite passable. I found an indescribable charm in all I saw, and why, I could not say, for on the side towards the ocean dense woods shut out the view, while all along the roadside only a few scattered cottages were to be seen. Our coachman had been ordered to drive fast, and, as he had very good horses, we went at full speed.

"On leaving our carriage, we took the moor immediately joining the high road. Here and there, the ground was covered by huge boulders; the grass was short and coarse, the dwarfed trees, miserable and crabbed, while the landscape bore that characteristic sadness which the ocean casts upon all that surrounds it.

"We walked quickly and in deep silence. The high rocks that bordered that part of the coast, still hid the sea entirely from us, but its pungent odor

filled our nostrils, while the solemn rhythmic surging of its waves reached our ears, and that voice of the ocean, unseen as yet, filled me with overpowering awe and nameless trouble; an extraordinary fear made my heart beat hard and fast. We climbed the cliff by a delightfully cool and shady path. The stones, highly polished by the frequent rain, and the resinous needles of the pine trees, made the path quite slippery. But we safely reached the summit, which was crowned by stunted trees, grotesquely distorted by the winds, and, raising my eyes, I beheld the ocean, the beautiful but terrible ocean. So long as I live, I shall never forget its splendid, majestic beauty. There are, there must be some impressions than can never be effaced.

"We went as near the edge of the cliff as safety would allow, and lingered there for a long time in unbroken silence.

"'Ravishing sight! Mighty torrent of life and death,' I exclaimed. Three hundred feet below us the sea was running its highest. The foam-crested waves were beating in fury against the rock which seemed shaken by them to its very foundation, while the rumbling of thunder was beneath our feet. And yet, it was not a storm, for the sea was gloriously placid.

"I felt a delicious stupor, which was quickly followed by wonderful exhilaration. It seemed to me that all this indescribable magnificence, this

seething life was within me; and that the sea was but the image of my own heart. Charles gazed and listened in unconscious ecstasy.

"But one cannot contemplate the sea very long, without feeling overcome by the profound sadness which rises from its depths, and I noticed that Charles' face grew quite sorrowful.

"Suddenly a wave from the west came abreast of, and forcibly struck, the long regular tide from the south. The shock was appalling. The waters leaped so high that the sky was darkened by them, and a light iridescent foam reached us where we stood.

"I was terrified and enraptured at one and the same moment, and feeling the earth tremble beneath my feet, I seized Charles by the arm.

"What was taking place in his soul during that hour, never to be forgotten by me, during that moment of unequalled surprise and delight, I shall never be able to tell, but as his eyes met mine, a deathly pallor overspread his face. The sky, the ocean, everything disappeared before me. All I could see was the fearful change which had come over him.

"'Are you ill?' I asked, greatly alarmed. But he remained silent and motionless. Burning blushes were quickly followed by ghastly paleness, and a peculiar happiness lighted up his agitated features. Under the spell of this extreme excite-

ment he no longer bore any resemblance to an angel; I knew he loved me, that his resolutions were being cast to the four winds of heaven, and that he was about to tell me so.

"'Gisella, may God forgive me,' he began in a scarcely audible voice, and his eyes concentrated upon me were full of agonized trouble; 'I—'

"But at that very moment, a lark, that was taking its flight from the rock, touched Charles' face lightly with its wing and soared heavenward in delicious song. The words died upon his lips; he grew alarmingly pale, and followed the lark's soaring with a close and solemn attention. The bird winged a swift and lofty flight. The clouds had already hidden it from our sight and still our ears were flooded with the deliciousness of its song. 'It is bearing the love of our lives to heaven,' I said to him, without fully realizing what words I was uttering.

"He withdrew his gaze, left my side abruptly, and hiding his face upon the rock which overlooked the sea, sobbed convulsively. Overcome by grief and surprise, I watched him weeping in the shade; then I sprang towards him, but by an imperative gesture of his hand, he kept me back.

"How long he remained there I cannot say. When he returned to me, his face still bore traces of his tears, but he had regained his usual calm

and determination. Without giving any explanation, he said:

"'Let us go — if agreeable to you. It is growing dark, and it is quite time we were returning.'

"These few commonplace words, uttered in his ordinary sweet, firm voice, sounded in my ears like my death-knell. The black pall of death seemed to have fallen upon me forever more; and, all unconscious of the danger, in a frenzy of despair, I rushed to the very edge of the cliff.

"'Be careful, Gisella,' Charles cried in alarm, and seizing me by both my hands he held me fast.

"This recalled me to myself, but being unable to control my grief, I burst into tears. He took no notice of them.

"By a great effort, I regained my composure. Then without looking at me, he remarked: 'The sight of an abyss very often produces vertigo; so let us be off, I beseech you.'

"'Yes,' I answered, and I took him by the hand to descend the cliff, as I had done when we were climbing it.

"'The air is growing quite cold, allow me,' he said, as he gently withdrew his hand, and bringing forward both ends of my scarf, he wound it twice about my neck. We returned in silence by the same cool, shady path by which we had come. My youth had gone from me forever; all my en-

chanting dreams lay in ruins in my lifeless heart. How willingly I would have wept, but I tried to appear calm, as Charles, always kind and solicitous, was walking beside me.

"God knows I had no wish to speak, but his silence oppressed me. I felt a positive need to hear his voice; so, while crossing the moorland, I remarked: —'Charles, I continually have before my eyes those great conflicting waves. How beautiful yet terrifying was the encounter between those two irresistible forces.'

"'There is but one irresistible force,' he answered, in a greatly altered voice. When we were seated in our carriage once more Charles threw himself back in his corner and remained perfectly silent.

"I saw he was suffering, that he did not wish me to see his pain, therefore I did not dare to look at him.

"They waited supper until our return. The meal appeared interminable to me. The questions they asked us tortured me. Moreover, I was in a hurry to be alone. The lights, placed at both ends of the table, brought both Monsieur de Champlain and Charles' faces into sharp view.

"The sailor was thoughtful, but appeared happy. There is nothing he loves better than his little colony; and one is convinced, that it is with secret delight that he sacrifices everything for it.

"Charles was very pale, very silent; but never before had his face worn such a beautiful and tender expression. I longed to look into his heart which seemed to me to be bleeding still.

"We all retired very early. Monsieur de Champlain wished to start off on a pilgrimage to Our Lady of Grace the next morning, and we had all been asked to accompany him.

"I slept very little that night. Charles' trouble and tears were always before my eyes, and so were those two great conflicting waves. I tried hard not to blind myself to the true state of things — to judge dispassionately — but it was all in vain. I could not help feeling supremely happy as I reviewed the incidents of the day. I was sure that Charles loved me; so I asked God to have pity upon me and spare him to me.

"Before sunrise, we were all up and ready to set off. Monsieur and Madame de Champlain wished — like true pilgrims — to go the whole way on foot, and they decided that Charles and I should do likewise. It was also decided that we should go by way of the beach; so all four of us started out with a little guide, who was to conduct us to the chapel by a cross-road.

"The pink blush of dawn crept slowly up and mingled with the azure of the sky. Hushed sounds and the sweet timid songs of the birds were heard in the quiet of early morning. But Charles

appeared neither to hear, nor to see anything of all this. His face bore no trace of his awful anguish of the night before; it only showed great fatigue. He seemed deeply absorbed, or rather, plunged in one of those mysterious apathies, which are so frequent with him. When we reached the shore, the sun had risen, but a heavy fog still hung over the entire sea. In some places this fog was quite thin and was punctured by arrow-shafts of golden light. Everywhere it oscillated, rocked by the waves.

"I wanted to tarry and gaze leisurely, but they hurried me on, as we had still a good league to go by way of the beach. On leaving the bay, the shore was strewn with large fragments of rock, which made our progress very difficult. But I did not mind the extra exertion, as I was in the mood for a long walk.

"The wind had completely cleared the sea of fog. But the shore, still shrouded in light mist, stretched ahead of us in all its enchanting sadness.

"Here and there, brambles, shrubs and flowers hung down from the bare and rugged cliff, while the unceasing roar of the sea, the hoarse cry of the gulls and the plaintive note of the swallows, sounded continually in our ears. I cannot say what excitement, what emotion took possession of and overpowered me; but burning tears often filled my eyes and blinded me. Monsieur de Champlain halted to allow his wife to rest; so Charles and I,

did likewise. Once, when we were all seated together, watching the greenish billows that were frollicking in the sun, I asked him, and designedly of course, if the ocean was not the most beautiful image of the human heart.

"'The most beautiful, as well as the truest,' he answered, coloring vividly.

"I begged him to develop his idea, and here are, according to him, the existing points of similarity: The ocean possesses immensity and depth and is forever on the ebb and flow. At one moment it carries on its waters the dross of the land; at another, its bosom reflects the beauty of the heavens, it soon becomes wearied with even the most charming shores. Often when seeming to precipitate itself in its entirety, it is impeded by a few grains of sand. These words made me sad.

"After a few moments' silence he asked me calmly in what way the ocean differed from the human heart. Being unable to tell him, he resumed:

"'The ocean is never disturbed at its lowest depths. It is quickly calmed and so completely, that even the fiercest storm leaves no traces upon it. In this way,' he continued, in his low sweet voice, 'it differs greatly from the purely human heart; but strongly resembles the heart of the Christian.'

"He was standing, holding his hat in his hand, to prevent the wind from carrying it off. I thought him handsome, god-like even — but I also thought

him cruel and hard; and, I do not know what bitter echo repeated to me just then the words which Mother Angelica had spoken:

"'You will be too fondly loved, which is a great misfortune.'

"The chapel of Our Lady of Grace, crowns the cliff. It is reached by an immense stairway, which in the full glare of the sun and facing the sea, leads us to the summit by three flights of steps, each flight a hundred feet high.

"This chapel, so dear to all the country round, is of very ancient date and is built entirely of rough stone.

"Thousands of swallows have made their nests in its buttresses. An arched niche over the main entrance contains a beautiful statue of the Blessed Virgin, given by Richard the Fearless, Duke of Normandy.

"A few of the ship's crew had followed us on our pilgrimage, and Monsieur Garnier who had come in a carriage, was already in the chapel.

"I took my place beside him. As I knelt down, I felt my soul flooded by a deep sense of peace and hope. Mass soon began, and in that atmosphere of heavenly calm, a sacred poetry seemed to breathe from the ancient walls, from the *ex votos* and from the tapers which burned amid the flowers before Our Lady's picture. 'Our Lady of Grace,' is painted between two angels, her eyes raised to

heaven, while her arms are extended towards earth. I never saw anything more artistically and beautifully portrayed. Grace and mercy seem to flow from her lovely transparent hands.

" Champlain, surrounded by his sailors, knelt before the altar and prayed most fervently. Quite close to the group of sailors, Charles Garnier prayed, his face hidden between his hands. All I could see of him was his fair head resting against the altar-rail.

" The stained-glass windows allowed but a subdued light to enter. The sanctuary-lamp, suspended by its golden chains, swayed slightly. Except for the roar of the waves, as they broke at the foot of the cliff, no noise reached us from the outside world.

" Everyone appeared to pray with all his heart, and here among those fervent suppliants, I confidently implored the protection of the Blessed Virgin and begged her to interest herself in my happiness.

" Monsieur and Madame de Champlain, Charles and the sailors, received Holy Communion. My uncle and I were the first to leave the chapel. By this time the sun was high in the heavens, and, upon the irregular table-land, the flowering heather was musical with insects humming in the heat.

" The breakfast which my uncle had brought in his carriage was quickly taken from the baskets,

and I spread it upon a granite block over-grown with moss. This light repast was very pleasant, and everyone appeared refreshed by it.

"At Monsieur de Champlain's request, I had sung the *Ave Maris Stella* during Mass. He thanked me quite effusively for having done so and told us that when Columbus was seeking the New World, he made his entire fleet sing daily that sweetly impressive and truly poetic prayer, the *Salve Regina*. Champlain speaks of Columbus with unbounded admiration. He calls him the world's greatest explorer and the most unfortunate of men. He told us the following anecdote, which I never had heard before. He said that Columbus gave orders that he should be buried with the irons he had been obliged to wear,— those irons, which he had always kept suspended from the walls of his rooms as a reminder of earth's fleeting glory and the base ingratitude of men.

"Madame de Champlain, my uncle and I, returned in the carriage. Charles came back on foot with the sailors.

"During the day we visited the tower of Francis I. Then, at low-tide, we went out to see the light-house.

"On our arrival there, I noticed a ring-dove lying dead among the slimy rocks. I showed it to Charles. He took it between his hands and showed me its bleeding head and soiled white plumage.

"'Poor little bird,' he remarked, with unusual emotion, 'it had wings, it knew the plane of the sky, and yet the rays from the lighthouse bewildered it and led it astray.'

"I felt an icy coldness about my heart; his words very often have this depressing effect upon me.

"'Come Gisella,' he said, 'let us visit the lighthouse, and see how they have solved the problem of absolute solidity and how they manage to resist the ocean's strength.'

"I felt sad, and should have preferred to remain watching that vast, grey, furrowed plain, from which the waters of the sea had receded. But together we visited the immense lighthouse with its chisel-cut foundations, buried deep in the live rock. The large blocks of granite fit one into the other. From bottom to top, each stone bites so deeply into the neighboring one that the tower appears as one solid block, more solid even than the foundation rock itself. Nothing could be more solitary or dismal than that lighthouse out in the sea. I wanted to chat with the old keeper, but I felt too timid to do so.

"It was high-tide, and we had promised to visit Monsieur de Champlain's ship. Commandant de la Ralde received us cordially, and as host, discharged his duties quite gracefully.

"Never before had I set foot on a vessel. The commandant showed me Monsieur de Champlain's

cabin in the stern; a few books, some firearms, and an astralabe were thrown upon his cot.

"The hour of departure was fixed for four o'clock and already the sailors were getting under sail.

"Seated on a stone bench at the end of the pier, we watched them at work. Around us the people were laughing, pushing and elbowing one another; but at the sound of Champlain's name, repeated in quick succession, they became silent. He saluted the crowd who stood bare-headed before him, and in passing, shook hands with a few. His adieux to us were very friendly but brief.

"I watched him descend the perpendicular steps, — bars of iron, fastened into the rock. A moment later he re-appeared upon the stern of his vessel.

"The white flag strewn with golden *fleur-de-lys* floated above his head.

"'Long live Champlain! Long live New France!' the crowd shouted lustily.

"The ship returned the salute by the booming of its cannon and under full sail, gained the open sea.

"Madame de Champlain was waiting for us in a fisherman's hut upon the beach. We found her in a little window which looked towards the sea, screening herself as much as possible and hiding her tears. Her behavior pleased me; I admire unostentatious grief.

"The sea-air had chilled me, and I was shivering from cold.

"'And I don't see even the ghost of a fagot,' Charles said, looking around the poor hearth where a few embers were smouldering. He went out, soon to return with an armful of boards.

"'Wreckage!' he cried, proudly, throwing the wood upon the hearth. 'Now Gisella, you're going to have a fire made with wreckage.'

"He made the fire himself with that inimitable grace with which he does everything. In a few moments the flames rose bright and warm. Delightful moment! And how comfortable I was beside that fire, made especially for me.

"I willingly would have spent the remainder of my life in that poor hut, with its cold clay-beaten floor.

"On his knees before me, Charles kept stirring the fire.

"Outside the waves broke regularly, formidably; and the pebbles which they washed up rolled down the beach with the noise of thunder."

## CHAPTER XIV

After their return from Havre, Gisella was troubled and unhappy.

Charles remained in his room as much as possible. He no longer took his daily walks in the garden, but went for long solitary rambles in the woods of Auteuil.

Madame Garnier's eyes were nearly always red and swollen from weeping; her husband grew more silent and sterner each day. He often spoke quite harshly to his son. It was evident that some trouble existed between them; and, while striving to appear unconscious of all this, Gisella was most miserable.

She no longer cared for entertainment or pleasure. Her love absorbed her! and she was thoroughly indifferent to everything except what concerned Charles.

He had never spoken to her of his intentions, nor of the opposition he was meeting with regard to them. In this, he was obeying his father's strict command, but from day to day this enforced silence became intolerable and his position more unpleasant.

Gisella, thinking that Charles wished to avoid her, kept proudly aloof. Therefore he was quite surprised one morning, when he was reading at his open window, to see her appear on the balcony before him.

"Will you come for a stroll with me?" she asked.

"Certainly," he answered rising, a little agitated. He went into his bedroom, knelt for a moment before a picture of the Blessed Virgin, then, hat in hand, he joined Gisella, who was waiting for him, looking as beautiful as the early morning, in her dainty white muslin frock.

"How can you stay indoors, in weather like this?" she asked, as they went down the steps together. "It's a positive shame to do so."

"I was reading," he answered.

"You were reading! Fine excuse, indeed! It is the book of nature one should read this weather. Look about you. Even in our own garden there is enough to delight those who take the trouble to open their eyes."

Charles smiled, and allowed his gaze to rest on the trees with their magnificent foliage and on the flowers still bathed in dew,

"It is truly delightful," he murmured.

"You do not bear me any ill-will for disturbing you?" she asked him, as they entered the long, shady linden path, where they were in the habit of

walking just after his return. "You remain shut up in your room so much now."

A dark cloud of pain passed across his brow.

"I must really settle down to work," he said; "a man cannot spend his life in idleness."

"Certainly not. What was that large book you were reading so attentively?"

"The *Acts of the Martyrs,*" he answered in a sweetly serious voice. "A most interesting book that tells us how truly Our Lord was loved upon earth, and how many sacrifices were made for His sake."

Gisella paled upon hearing his words and looked at him in mute alarm.

"And, if I were only to mention young girls like yourself, how many there were who preferred to renounce all the pleasures of this world to suffer and die for His sake. Truly He captivates hearts," Charles ended enthusiastically.

"They are happy indeed who love but Him," Gisella said in a low trembling voice. "They need fear neither coldness nor neglect."

"There are still other advantages," he added smiling. "God alone responds to our wish to be attracted, subdued, absorbed. You know perfectly, Gisella, that all earthly love is a fire that makes a great deal of smoke, but it may die out entirely in a very short time."

"You believe that?" she asked, in an altered tone.

"I believe that the human heart has longings which God alone can satisfy. That is the reason the saints are, in spite of everything, the happy ones of this earth."

"You have very strange notions of this world's happiness, it seems to me."

"Not so strange as you imagine," Charles answered, with a smile. "Without doubt, the saints live a life of abnegation; but a sacrifice made for God will always give a thousand times more happiness than the object sacrificed would have afforded. That was the conclusion St. Aloysius came to, and St. Francis Xavier thought men very blind not to understand that in refusing to mortify their natural wishes they were depriving themselves of life's greatest blessings."

"All that is quite beyond me," she exclaimed. "It seems to me that God, like a good father, loves to see us enjoying the gifts He has given us. No, I don't believe that He wishes us to give up what constitutes the joy and charm of life."

"Generally He does not; but you know very well, Gisella, that *they* are the happiest from whom God demands everything."

Gisella remained silent. A cruel truth was dawning upon her, and all the hopes which she had tried to retain were fast being dispelled. She understood that the simple Christian life would never satisfy a heart like his and that some day soon she

would be obliged to give him up to God entirely. They walked up and down the path in silence. Gisella kept her head lowered while irrepressible, involuntary tears ran down her face. Could she still cherish a hope? Perhaps. Suddenly she stood still, and raising her head asked:

"Charles, tell me truly. Do you really wish to leave us? Is it solely your parents' will that keeps you here — or are you still undecided?"

Her look made him turn pale, but he answered firmly:

"No, Gisella; I am quite decided now, and I wish to embrace poverty and sufferings and the Cross. I want to give myself entirely to God as He gave Himself to me. If it had not been for my father's strict command, I should have told you all this long ago."

Gisella did not utter a word; but her face, already pale, was overspread with the hue of death, and her pretty features became hard and shrunken.

Charles' eyes filled with tears.

"Dear little sister," he murmured, "it is cruel to make you suffer so; but I shall pray unceasingly to God for your happiness."

"My happiness!" she exclaimed, with a look that pierced his heart like a sword-thrust.

"It is God's will," he said, sobbing like a child, "do convince yourself of that Gisella."

A slight nervous convulsion contracted her lips,

and stifling a sob of despair, she sank upon the ground.

Pale as death, Charles remained a few moments looking at her in this strange immobility, then he stooped to raise her up; but she pressed her face against the earth, and made him a sign to keep away.

## CHAPTER XV

A few moments later, Charles Garnier was on his way to Paris.

"Drive to the Carmelite Monastery," he said, and, pulling his hat well over his eyes, he sat far back in the carriage.

Half an hour later they stopped in Rue Vaugirard, before an old but imposing building surrounded by high walls. Charles sprang from the carriage, and passed through a narrow portal which led to a circular courtyard.

The sun shone brightly upon the defaced walls of the old convent. Above the main entrance, in a small marble niche, a statue of the Blessed Virgin seemed to smile a sweet welcome to all.

"Hail Immaculate Virgin, Hail Mary, Mother of God!" Charles breathed, as he lifted his hat to the sacred image. He pushed open a heavy oaken door.

"May I see my brother, Father Henry of St. Joseph?" he asked the lay-brother.

"Certainly, sir; please be seated," the brother said, opening the parlor door.

The room was empty; and, instead of seating

himself upon one of the chairs that were placed on both sides of the wall, Charles walked up and down. A painting of St. Teresa hung upon the lime-washed walls. Charles had often seen that picture before without remarking it particularly; but just then, a strong ray of sunlight that stole through the half-open window, fell full upon the saint's face, giving her a strange lifelike look.

He stopped to examine it, and it seemed to him as if the saint were looking at him in loving sympathy and repeating: "Either to suffer or to die."

Father Henry appeared smiling and happy; but the moment he saw his brother's face, the smile died upon his lips.

"What has happened?" he asked resting his hands upon Charles' shoulders and looking him in the eyes.

Charles' answer was to throw himself, sobbing, upon Father Henry's neck. Regaining his composure almost immediately, he raised his head and said:

"Henry, I am very unhappy."

"Unhappy," his brother repeated quietly. "Have your expectations lost their sweetness? Surely God's good pleasure is the best."

"My life has become unbearable," Charles exclaimed, "and I am most miserable."

Then he told his brother, Henry, all that had happened.

The young religious listened with deep attention. But he was slow in replying.

"What am I to do?" Charles asked, impatiently. "Poor child! When she sank to the ground and I saw her lying there in deathlike stillness, my strength nearly deserted me. Every proof of her love, even the remotest, came rushing back upon me and I thought myself a fool, a barbarian and a brute."

"My dear brother," said the religious, gravely but feelingly,—"you have much to be thankful for. There are such hours and moments in all our lives. On them depend our vocation, our holiness, I may almost add our salvation. Thank God! But above all I beg you not to pity yourself. There is no need of self-pity when one responds to God's call. No, there is no need of self-pity even when the effort has left the heart crushed and bleeding."

"If I were the only one concerned, I should not mind. But Gisella. . . . It is horrible to think I am to be the cause of her unhappiness. Henry, when she came to us,— after the death of her parents — she was quite young, but even then, she felt sorrow far too keenly, and I was the only one who could console her."

He became silent and hid his face in his hand.

The Carmelite looked at him, deeply anxious — but wishing to put him to the test, said:

"Charles, very often we delude ourselves. Vo-

cation is a very serious and difficult matter to decide. You could do a great deal of good in the world, and Divine Providence seems to have arranged everything so nicely for your happiness."

These words calmed Charles like magic.

"No," he said, lifting his face, wet with tears. "I wish to go to God by the shortest way. In Him alone I wish to put all my love and happiness. If He has showered every earthly blessing upon me, it is solely that I may have all the more to sacrifice for His sake; and blessed be His name forever," Charles ended, fervently.

"Yes, may He be blessed forever!" Father Henry repeated, and taking Charles in his arms he wept over him.

"But what am I to do?" asked Charles, who was perfectly calm again. "My father considers my vocation a mental disorder. He has strictly forbidden me to mention it to him. He accuses me of haughtiness and ingratitude, and my mother's grief breaks my heart."

"Come," said the religious, encouragingly. "What God keeps is well kept. Have confidence and pray."

## CHAPTER XVI

On returning to his cell, Father Henry remained a long time buried in thought before the large yellow-leaved book lying open on his wooden table. This preoccupation lasted for several days. Finally, one evening he knocked at his Superior's door and asked permission to go and see his family.

The permission was given; and early the next morning he started off on foot for Auteuil. He thought of speaking to Gisella privately and asking her to plead Charles' cause with his father.

Until then every influence had proved useless, but would his father be able to withstand the young girl's entreaties? This seemed impossible, as her loss would be far greater, the blow more personal, than his, so perhaps she might be able to touch his heart and make him listen to the language of Christian charity.

Would she consent to do this?

So deeply occupied was he with these thoughts that he had already reached, without being aware of it, the last turn in the avenue of Bois-Belle.

A few withered leaves lay on the thick grass, al-

though it was but mid-summer, and the silent villa was bright with the glory of sunlight.

Father Henry felt his eyes fill with tears, and standing still for a few moments his glance swept the entire place — so familiar and dear to his heart.

Several years had passed since the sorrowful but blessed day, when, in response to God's call, he had quitted his family; now all the details of this separation came back to him, and his heart grew sad at the thought that God was about to ask his parents to part with their only remaining son. Mastering this momentary weakness, he opened the garden gate and crossed the courtyard.

One of the doors was wide open. The religious entered without announcing himself; and went, with beating heart, towards the room in which his mother usually sat.

She was there alone, sitting before her work-table, her head resting upon the pretty hands which were always so active and industrious.

She was so deeply absorbed that the Carmelite — whose sandals made very little noise upon the inlaid floor — had reached her side before she was aware of his presence.

" Mother, dear," he whispered.

She raised her head quickly, and, overcome with joy and surprise, she threw herself into his arms. Her joy was fleeting; and resting her head upon

his shoulder, she wet his white robe with her abundant tears. She told him that peace had fled from the house, that Gisella was ill from grief and that Charles was driving them to despair with his wilfulness.

The religious spoke only sweet comforting words to her just then, but when she had grown a little calmer, he said:

"Charles is very unhappy, too."

"Yes, I know he is; he suffers a great deal, and so uselessly. For myself, I can refuse him nothing; but he will never get his father's consent. Of this he can be positive."

Just then the Magistrate and Charles came in. They were very constrained in their conversation and only touched upon trifling subjects.

"May I not see Gisella?" the religious asked suddenly.

At this very natural request Charles became visibly embarrassed, his father gave him an angry look, and Madame Garnier, not daring to say anything, sent the maid to inform Gisella.

After a few moments she returned.

"Mademoiselle Meliand is very much indisposed and begs to be excused, but she will be pleased to see Father Henry up-stairs."

Since her interview with Charles in the garden, Gisella had felt unable to return to her old life, or mix with the family; so she shut herself up in

her room — rarely seeing Madame Garnier, even.

Father Henry was so grief-stricken at her altered appearance and extreme dejection, that the ordinary words of encouragement died upon his lips. He understood that this child, so gifted and scarcely beyond the threshold of girlhood, had no further hope in life.

After placing a chair near the couch on which Gisella was lying, Madame Garnier withdrew.

"I am so pleased you allowed me to see you;" the religious said, as he took his seat. "I wanted to see you particularly — in fact that was my motive in coming here."

She bowed her thanks, but remained silent.

"You have suffered a great deal," he resumed, with heavenly pity, "and the first days of sorrow are terrible to pass through. It is a time of darkness. But be assured that the light will break in upon you, and then you will glorify God, who wishes to have Charles all to Himself."

She looked at him with an expression of such absolute dejection and heart-crushed grief that he was melted to tears.

"Poor child!" he murmured, "your sacrifice is a terrible one, I know. Charles is — I know well — your one thought, your one love on earth."

"Yes," she answered faintly, "and my life will be so long and dreary."

"What we call life is a very trifling, fleeting

thing, a dark shadow, a thin vapor. Our years pass like moments, Gisella, and soon this world will have disappeared forever."

"But," she said, as if speaking to herself, "it is very sad to have only death to look forward to;" and hiding her face in her hands, she wept bitterly.

"My child," said the religious, after a moment's silence, "listen to me. Would you rob Charles of the happiness and glory of his religious vocation?"

She wept on without answering, so he continued:

"Charles certainly has a religious vocation; be convinced of that. Without that divine strength which is the grace of vocation itself, he never could have held out. Tell me, have you ever thought of the young man of the Gospel whom Christ called, but who refused to follow him? Would you have Charles do likewise?"

"No," she said, sitting up with sudden strength, "I do not wish to be the cause of his unhappiness. If God has called him, let him obey the call. I am willing to be forsaken — to be despised and trampled underfoot."

Then throwing herself back upon the couch, she hid her face in the silk cushions and cried convulsively. The religious looked at her touched with tenderest pity. When she was slightly calmer he said:

"You have a noble soul, Gisella, which gives me

courage to speak. To love a person is to be his well-wisher, is it not? Well then, if you wish to, you can win from my father the consent which Charles has pleaded for so often in vain. This would be, dear Gisella, the noblest and best proof of love you could ever give him — and this is what I came to tell you."

## CHAPTER XVII

Gisella Meliand loved Charles Garnier with that deep, passionate and exclusive love which it is given to so few to know. Charles lacking, her life would be a complete blank, the world a terrible solitude. She realized this perfectly; and yet, the next morning, before sunrise, her resolution was irrevocably taken. Overcoming her physical weakness, she rose and dressed herself with extreme care. Then she begged her guardian to come to her in her room.

He came immediately and found her reclining on a folding chair. Her stern, quiet manner impressed him painfully; but without showing his emotion, he kissed her forehead and seated himself beside her.

"You wish to speak to me, dearest child?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, lifting her beautiful sad eyes to his. "I have a favor to ask."

"What is it?" he enquired very tenderly, but he turned his face aside, for her grief-stricken appearance hurt him.

"I want to return to Port Royal," she said, slowly.

"You wish to return to Port Royal," he ex-

claimed, bending towards her, and with the look of one who had not fully understood.

"Yes," she answered firmly. "Since I am the cause of discord and unhappiness, and as you wish to force your son to marry me, I cannot remain in your house any longer; therefore, I want your permission to return to Port Royal, for I have no other place to go."

The Magistrate's face worked painfully, his eyes were aflame with anger, and rising abruptly, he strode towards the window barely refraining from dashing it into fragments. His temples throbbed violently, while his heart was torn asunder by fierce and conflicting emotions.

With her face buried in her pillows, Gisella awaited his answer in silence.

She had to wait long and anxiously for it.

Finally, returning to her side, the Magistrate said very bitterly:

"We might all have been so happy, Gisella; I should so love to call you daughter."

"I shall be a daughter to you in all truth," she said, throwing herself into his arms. For a few moments she wept unrestrainedly upon his shoulder. Then, lifting her face, which grief had made sublime, she asked:

"You will leave Charles free to do as he chooses? Promise me that you will?"

"Yes; I give you my solemn promise," said the

Magistrate, sobbing in spite of himself. "Your example of noble generosity will not be in vain, so far as I am concerned. Poor dear child, this sacrifice will be especially hard for you. Our lives are already far spent — but you, you are as yet in the morning of existence."

## CHAPTER XVIII

(Extracts from Gisella's Diary.)

"Three weeks ago Charles left to enter the Jesuit novitiate. He and his father started off at daybreak, one morning, without bidding us farewell. He left two letters on his table, one for his mother, the other for me.

"To me he wrote:

"'My dear friend and loving sister.— May you be forever blessed. My father has concealed nothing from me, and I know how deeply indebted I am to you. Console him and my poor dear mother, and I implore you, Gisella, not to give way to despondency. Look up to heaven. Life is fleeting; I shall pray for you continually, until the last hour of my life.'

—"Yes, do pray for me, Charles, for I need prayer. Now that I am stronger, I do not weep quite so incessantly. But is it because I allow myself to live over again too frequently that hour which can never be forgotten? Or is it because, with a heart overflowing with life, I am obliged to live in a cheerless and empty world? I cannot say. But those sad despairing sounds of the sea upon

the lonely shore haunt me still. I hear them everywhere. The strange effect of this continual feeling alarms me somewhat. I must write more. Writing calms me, does me good, whereas music has quite the contrary effect.

"My God! is it true then, that he is gone? That he shall nevermore return to this house, where everything recalls him, where everything speaks to me of him? Sweet but bitter memories! If I only could indulge my grief, I might probably die of it. But he said to me, 'console my parents,' and I wish to do what he asked me. I shall devote my life to them for his sake — every day, hour, and minute of it will be given to their care.

"His mother is overwhelmed by sorrow, and she, once so gay and active, now spends her days in tears. I am obliged to busy myself with many things. And to be obliged to busy oneself with the trifles of everyday life when one has no further hope or aspiration, when one is sunk in an abyss of complete apathy, is hard indeed. Each day, after my morning prayer, I read his letter over again, and ask God for a renewal of strength."

. . . . . .

"To-day I entered his room for the first time. I mean to convert it into an oratory, where I trust I may feel the unction of his late presence.

"My tears, which had ceased for a few days, flowed anew. I seated myself on the balcony, in

his favorite place, and remained there for a long time. The garden is already quite bare. There are more leaves on the ground than on the trees. 'Where has summer gone?' I ask myself. If I could only believe, firmly believe, in the vanity of earthly things, as Charles so often told me. A little strengthened by these thoughts, I returned to his rooms. Everything was just as he left it. The last bouquet I had made for him lay withered upon his table. The ink had dried in his uncovered ink-bottle. A few sheets of letter-paper were scattered about his desk. This paper — the same that he had used for his farewell letters — was crumpled and stained by tear drops. I concluded he had wept, his head resting on the desk.

"A strong ray of sun lighted up the picture of St. Ignatius contemplating heaven. I looked for some time at this painting, which Charles had loved so well. This divine attraction, this longing after heaven will always remain a mystery to my heart, eaten away by regret. If I only could believe that all is vanity of vanities and affliction of spirit."

. . . . . .

"His mother proposed that I should go with her to see Charles. I could not refuse this pleasant but trying ordeal; so we started off together. It was my first visit to the Jesuits. I had mustered all my courage for the interview, but when I reached the parlor, my strength failed me.

"I stood up to leave, telling his mother I would return soon. Not being able to give away to my tears on the street, I entered the church.

"It was empty. Two novices, silent as shadows, were in the sanctuary, draping the main altar in black.

"The thought of death had a salutary effect on me. I said a fervent prayer, and returned to the parlor.

"Charles was there with his mother.

"When I opened the door, he rose hastily and came to meet me.

"He took me by the hand, saying with his angelic look, '*Blessed be Jesus Christ.* Say that, Gisella.'

"I did as he told me, and a sweet sense of strength stole into my heart. All three of us seated ourselves beside a small table in the corner of the parlor.

"He has grown a little thinner, but much paler. His pretty, fair curls have been cut off. The religious habit suits him very well, and, I do not know why, but on looking at him, I no longer felt so utterly desolate.

"'Do you imagine,' he asked, 'that I did not suffer when leaving? Never in all my life did I suffer such great and harrowing grief.' He spoke calmly enough, but his eye-lids worked nervously with the effort he made to restrain his tears.

"We chatted; that is to say, he did all the talking, for neither his mother nor I had the courage to say a word.

"When the hour had expired, he stood up promptly and kissed his mother, speaking words of tender encouragement to her; he traced the sign of the Cross upon my brow and disappeared down a dim corridor where a lamp was burning before a statue of the Blessed Virgin.

. . . . . .

"I am all the better for having seen Charles. I find a sweet satisfaction in recalling his every word and look. His manner towards me has lost the coldness and extreme reserve which marked it during the last few weeks he was at home.

"He loves me dearly, I know,— but with a spiritualized love, much the same as the love of the saints in heaven. His pity for my suffering recalls that tender and serene compassion which we attribute to the blessed.

"He bade me pray frequently; prayer would fortify me and elevate me to those heights from whence we can see earthly things in their real light and under their true aspect. How I should love to hasten that hour — to break away from the present and forget the future which awaits me!

"He told me also how much suffering we could spare ourselves if we always did what was right, if we could only realize that we are not in this world

to be happy. Yes, I have realized that. I know now that suffering is necessary here below. But is joy less necessary? What would be the use of rain, if we did not have the warm rays of the sun? So what can one expect from a life of complete sadness? My youth, suddenly become old, has no further hope, and my heart faints before the life which has been ordained for me; for it is ended, eternally ended, as far as happiness is concerned. The decision of a sacrifice is not the hardest part; it is being able to persevere in it and renew it. I realize the truth of this every moment of my life. Does he?

"Charles is sustained by that divine love which I am not worthy to possess. Moreover, he has a heroic will. How foolish of me to have entertained any hope. Now I know it. If, deceived for a moment by his heart, he nearly succumbed to the pleasures of this world, he will humiliate himself for it all his life, and the memory of that hour of supreme temptation is already for him but as dust and ashes which he will cast upon his sacrifice to dull its effulgency."

## CHAPTER XIX

Four years have passed. It was in the beginning of the winter of 1629.

Monsieur de Champlain had not revisited France. Reginald de Brunand had perished at the siege of La Rochelle, and Charles Garnier had become a religious.

Gisella had been present when he pronounced his vows; she had seen him prostrate upon the floor of the sanctuary, had seen him receive the Holy Orders which made him a priest forever.

She was often tempted to enter the cloister herself, but she banished the thought in order not to drive her adopted parents to despair, as their love for her had almost become worshipful in its intensity.

Monsieur and Madame Garnier had believed at first that time would surely cure her regrets; that resignation would be followed by calm. They even hoped that there would be a chance of happiness for her yet, but they were forced to believe otherwise.

"I remain in the world solely for your sakes," she would answer, when they spoke to her of mar-

riage. "If I survive you, I shall become a religious; so please consider my future settled."

Notwithstanding this very decided declaration, neither the Magistrate nor his wife would consent to her living a retired life. Consequently, Gisella often went into society, where she felt quite lonely even in the midst of the most brilliant functions. Those honors and flatteries which have the power of turning even the wisest heads left Gisella cold and indifferent. The ballroom had no attraction for her. For there, more than elsewhere, the memory of Charles came back to her intensified and hallowed.

Her love for him had been transformed, but it still filled her heart; and as a woman usually adopts the same opinions as the man she loves, she despised those vain pleasures, those frivolous joys which Charles had despised, and without either an effort of thought or virtue.

No one could ever take his place in her affections, she was convinced of this. But in her secret heart, beneath the calm exterior which her strong will allowed her to keep up, she felt all the tender aspirations of her age; and that interminable desert which stretched out before her youth seemed terrible to her to have to traverse.

The first agony of separation over, Gisella devoted herself to the study of music; and, to the unutterable pleasure of those who surrounded her, her

sorrows often found expression through this medium. But music, which only intensifies emotion, had not been of very great benefit to her. True consolation must come to her from on high. Gisella knew this, and God was not deaf to her cry when she begged Him to fill the immense and horrible void which had been made in her life. As a reward of persevering prayer, she felt her soul grow daily stronger and more tranquil.

"I shall strive to climb to the heights to which he has soared," she would often say.

Gisella had no intimate girl friend of her own age, but a deep sympathy existed between her and Madame de Champlain.

One fine day in November, 1629, she started off on a visit to her friend. A black velvet mask — according to the fashion of that time — covered her face. Accompanied by her waiting-maid, she walked slowly along, unconscious of everything that was taking place around her. When they reached Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois, Gisella stopped before an old-fashioned house with diamond-paned windows and wrought-iron balcony.

"I believe there has been news from Monsieur de Champlain," said the old servant who opened the door.

Gisella removed her black velvet headdress, and, slightly excited, she ascended the staircase which led to a large dark landing off which Madame de

Champlain's informal reception-room opened. The door was ajar; and at the first glance Gisella saw her hostess. She was standing, leaning upon the back of an arm-chair, and appeared quite agitated, but was listening very attentively to some one who was speaking with great animation. Gisella could not see the speaker, but his manly voice made her heart beat wildly, by recalling to her an hour of sacred memory.

"Come in, Gisella," said Madame de Champlain, on perceiving the young girl. "You are going to see a missionary whom you cannot have forgotten."

"I am pleased to see you again," said Father Brébeuf. "Your farewell song has come back to me oftentimes, but, as you see, I have not had the honor to suffer martyrdom."

He had aged greatly during the last four years; but he was still the true type of an athlete ready for warfare.

"And how is Monsieur de Champlain?" asked Gisella, after she had made a respectful obeisance to the missionary.

"Monsieur de Champlain will soon be here. We crossed the ocean together. I left him at Plymouth, on his way to London, where he has gone to try and have Quebec restored to him. Peace was concluded when the Kirk Brothers, Huguenots in the service of England, took possession of it.

"Quebec in the power of the English!" exclaimed Gisella. "What a misfortune this is for Monsieur de Champlain. How did it happen? Tell me, Father?"

"For three years Quebec has received neither provisions nor ammunition. Monsieur de Roquemont's fleet was intercepted and partially destroyed by the English. Last summer the Kirks anchored off Tadoussac, and commanded Monsieur de Champlain to deliver the fort to them. Monsieur received their messenger very graciously but said:

"'If the English wish to attack us, let them march against us instead of threatening us at such a distance.'

"Deceived by such assurance, the English did not dare risk an attack just then. Complete resistance was impossible, however. The French had barely fifty pounds of powder; and a few days before, two of the fort towers had tumbled down. Moreover, hunger was making itself painfully felt in Quebec. 'But it is not forbidden to put a good face on things,' Monsieur de Champlain would say. He took every precaution to relieve his people and succeeded in getting through the winter without any of them dying of starvation. Monsieur de Champlain always sat down cheerfully to the common rations — seven ounces of peas a day. In the month of May the peas were exhausted. For a long time they had neither powder nor shot. The

women and children spent their days in the woods, searching for acorns and roots, Solomon's Seal being the greatest favorite. They were so exhausted by hunger, that when the English arrived, in the month of July, they were received as deliverers."

Madame de Champlain had covered her face with her hands, and the tears trickled through her fingers.

"Madame," said the Jesuit, soothingly, "he suffered everything heroically, and you have every reason to be proud of him. Besides, the terms of capitulation have been very honorable. The Kirks have treated Monsieur de Champlain with the greatest respect. They did not wish him to leave his apartments. They even gave him permission to have Mass celebrated there."

"Have Fathers Masse and Lalemant returned also?" Gisella asked.

"They were obliged to do so. Those Huguenots would never tolerate a Jesuit," said Father Brébeuf, gaily. "When Commander Kirk came to Our Lady of the Angels, his first word was to tell us that he was sorry he could not begin operations by shelling our house. However, to do them justice, the Kirks acted very fairly with everyone else. But it was hard to see the cross of St. George replace the white flag of France."

"Was Monsieur de Champlain very dejected?" asked the ladies.

"After the capitulation was signed he seemed very unhappy. He asked to be taken to Tadoussac. I went down on the same vessel. The Héberts, the Couillards — in fact, all who remained in Quebec — came to see him off. 'I will come back, I promise you I will,' he said; and I think he was on the verge of tears. At Tadoussac he was happier and went shooting larks with the English admiral. He is one of those whom grief does not attack," said Brébeuf, as he rose to leave.

"Father," said Gisella, "did you find the life of a missionary very terrible? Did you have much to suffer from the Indians?"

The Jesuit's worn face shone with the light of happy memory.

"*Jesu dulcis memoria,*" he said, "what you sang for me on the eve of my departure, I have experienced, and, like Monsieur de Champlain, I hope to return to Canada."

## CHAPTER XX

After many negotiations, Quebec was restored to France; and on the 23rd of March, 1633, Samuel de Champlain sailed from Dieppe to take possession of the colony once more. During the interval, Gisella had seen him quite frequently, and his friendship had been of great benefit to her. This brave and thoroughly unselfish man had given her greater moral courage, by teaching her to rise above her personal regrets.

On the other hand, he enjoyed conversing with this serious-minded young girl. But he particularly loved to hear her sing.

Her angelic voice awakened that deep spirit of poetry and love of romance which was in him; it made him forget the weighty and wretched realities of life and charmed him into dreams of delusive happiness. He forgot his approaching old age; forgot the bitterness of his trials and anxieties. He felt as young and as enthusiastic again as he did in that memorable hour when first the beauties of Quebec revealed themselves to his eyes and captivated his heart. What must have been his an-

guish of spirit when he was obliged to abandon his work!

But thanks to the Blessed Virgin, he was going to take possession of New France again. Under her protection he has placed all his enterprises; to her he gave all the glory of his success. He loved to speak of the chapel which he had vowed to erect in her honor at Quebec.

Often in the evening — when resting after the labors of the day — Gisella had seen him, pencil in hand, drawing the plan of his chapel: "I shall call it Our Lady of Recovery," he would say.

When Monsieur de Champlain was gone, Gisella found the little drawing-room in the Rue St. Germain l'Auxerrois very lonely and desolate. But before long she was to experience another and far more painful loss in her life.

## CHAPTER XXI

The summer of 1634 was drawing to a close. Already the fine trees at Bois-Belle were tinged by the glorious hues of autumn.

The Garniers were returning from Paris, where they had gone to see their son Charles, now professor at Clermont College.

Gisella, who accompanied them, appeared thoughtful and anxious. The *Relations of New France* had just been published. Father Garnier had received his copy for the year 1633 which he gave to Gisella. As he handed her the pamphlet, he slipped a letter into her hand, saying at the same time with deep emotion:

"I hope you still take an interest in the missions."

Gisella brooded over his words as she mechanically turned over the pages of the little book. On leaving the carriage, she hastened to her room and locked herself in. A secret instinct warned her that fresh trouble was in store for her. For a few moments she remained standing, turning the letter back and forth in her fingers. Then casting

herself upon her knees before her crucifix, she opened it.

But scarcely had she read the first few lines, when she let the letter flutter to the floor; and rising hurriedly she cried out in a voice of anguish:

"No, my God! not that — I can never consent to that."

Before her the figure of Christ hung out in strong relief from the cross. Involuntarily her eyes sought it, and as if alarmed at the boldness of her words, she covered her face with her hands, and sank upon the floor.

She remained there for some time, sobbing bitterly.

Finally she rose, picked up the letter and throwing herself upon her bed she read it through to the last word:

*Dear Sister.*

What I am going to ask will appear very terrible to you at first, but you are possessed of great courage, and you will help me, I am sure, to respond to the all-merciful designs of God. Gisella, I am going to become a missionary — rather, God calls me to the apostolate. It is assuredly God's voice that I have heard of late saying in the secret depths of my heart:—'Go out to Canada and teach the poor Indians the immense

price of their redemption. . . . Go, and fear nothing. I shall be with you, I who am the joy of heaven and the all-powerful God.'

"I wanted to leave last year, with Father Brébeuf and Monsieur de Champlain, and I set about preparing to do so. But my superiors thought it would be too great a blow for my parents; they do not wish to impose this additional sacrifice upon them. They tell me I can never go to Canada unless I get my father's consent. Will you try and gain his consent, Gisella? It is with the greatest confidence I recommend myself to you.

"So far I have been most unsuccessful, but my father's love for you, gives you great power over his heart. Moreover, it is my firm belief that Our Blessed Lady, to whom I pray continually, wishes to use you as her medium.

"Let not the thought of separation, nor the hardships which await me out there deter you. Both our joys and sorrows are so transitory. Gisella, our true happiness consists in sacrificing everything for Him, who will be our eternal reward."

Gisella had been interrupted several times in the reading of her letter, by blinding tears. But now a calm, as sudden as it was inexplicable, came over her, and burying her face in her pillow, she set about meditating over the meaning of the word

"Eternity." She remained thus for an hour. When she lifted her head from her pillow, she was resolved to do all in her power to make Monsieur Garnier accept this supreme sacrifice.

Several months passed without any apparent result.

But in the winter of 1636, the long-despaired-of consent was given.

"Go where God calls you," said the Magistrate to his son, "who am I, that I should oppose God's most holy will?"

Charles' departure was immediately decided upon.

He broke the news to his mother himself, and on his knees he begged her permission to go and preach the Gospel to the poor Indians of Canada.

## CHAPTER XXII

One day shortly afterwards, when Gisella was alone, Father Garnier came to the villa. His usually bright and happy face appeared quite sad.

"I have very sorrowful news for you, Gisella," he said, after his greeting.

She looked at him, deeply apprehensive but without speaking.

"The ships are in," he continued. "They have brought very sad tidings indeed, Gisella. Monsieur de Champlain is dead."

"Dead!" she repeated, mournfully.

"Yes, he died on Christmas day, and I have come to break the news to my father."

"Are there any particulars?"

"He died in Quebec, at Fort St. Louis. He who had confronted all the dangers of ocean and forest, died peacefully in his bed, after an illness of two months and a half."

"Has Madame de Champlain heard the news yet?"

"She should know it by now. The messenger who brought our letters, had some for her undoubtedly."

"My God!" murmured Gisella, moved to tears, "how little I expected his death."

"It has come as a great surprise to us all."

"There are some lives so useful and prolific of good that they seem secure even against death."

"That is very true — I almost thought his was at least until New France would be established. I was sure he would see his colony in a flourishing condition before he died."

"He died in the attempt. That suffices, Gisella," said the Jesuit with enthusiasm.

"But he would have been so happy to see his work prosper. He dreamed such great possibilities for his beloved New France."

The religious smiled.

"My dear child," said he, "in the battle of life far more victims fall, than in any other warfare. Our ambitions and dreams are lost along its highway — at least, what is best and brightest of them. Monsieur de Champlain realized this fully. He founded New France at all events. . . . Do not pity him; even in the grandest human triumphs something is lacking."

"He would have been such a good friend to you out in Canada," said Gisella, who was still weeping.

"God alone is all I need, Gisella."

He saw his parents returning, so he rose and went to meet them.

## CHAPTER XXIII

Gisella was truly grieved by Monsieur de Champlain's death.

The account of his last moments interested her deeply; and those salutary thoughts to which death gave rise, helped her to meet Charles' approaching departure with greater courage.

On the tenth of March, Monsieur Huault de Montmagny, Knight of Malta, was named Governor of Canada. He was to sail in early spring, and the missionary Fathers were to leave with him.

"My aunt and I spent some days working for them," Gisella wrote, "we were often interrupted by our tears, but we worked nevertheless. Our missionary came to see us every day, and I cannot tell you how much his presence consoled and strengthened me. It is quite evident that his heart is filled with a joy far surpassing all earthly happiness. Each time he came he asked me to sing. It seemed impossible to do so at first, but my anxiety to gratify his every wish gave me the necessary courage. He always requested gay and happy songs, in which he often joined, carried away by the joy which inundated his heart.

"I felt the holy and wondrous joy of sacrifice envelope and penetrate me. And how speak of the heavenly sweetness, the divine charm of those moments when I experienced in such a powerful and intimate manner, the happy influence which he always exercised over me.

"He was to leave Paris on the 26th of March. The evening before, he came to see us for the last time; and as long as I live, I shall remember every detail of that harrowing hour. During the night, my uncle became quite ill. He grew delirious, and did not recognize his son, whom he spoke of continually and whom he imagined he was trying to rescue from the hands of the Indians. Charles tried to console his mother, who was quite alarmed about this fever, and drawing her to a window, he spoke to her for a long time in subdued tones.

"Then he returned to his father who was sleeping uneasily. He remained standing beside his bed for a few moments, looking at him in silence. His eyes, which were still dry and bright, suddenly became quite hollow. He turned deathly pale, and without uttering a word, he kissed and blessed his father.

"His mother, completely overcome, sank into a chair and he knelt before her.

"'Mother dear, how I love and thank you,' he said.

"She looked at him in mute agony. One felt

that death would have been preferable to this torture.

"He spoke to her of the shortness of life, of their speedy and happy reunion in Heaven; and pressing her to his heart, he tenderly kissed her pain-distorted face and attempted to rise.

"But she clung to him, sobbing and moaning and held him in a close and final embrace.

"'Mother,' he said at last, in inexpressible accents, 'for the love of God, let me go.'

"He freed himself from her desperate embrace, and placing her half dead in my arms, he left the room without even glancing back.

"Poor woman, her first words on regaining consciousness were those of self-condemnation; she considered herself unworthy to be his mother.

"We spent the night watching at our dear patient's bedside.

"The many attentions he required roused Madame Garnier from her overwhelming sorrow. And she who was dying of grief had the courage to attend to all his little needs. At day-break, I went to the Jesuits' church to hear Charles' last Mass, and to see him once more.

"I first heard Father Chastellain's Mass, (he was one of the departing missionaries), then I heard Charles'.

"Hidden in a dark corner, I tried to pray and prepare myself for Holy Communion. But the

grief of separation possessed and dominated me.

"It seemed to me that we had never been separated before. I realized now the sweetness and deep consolation of that intercourse which formerly I had thought so rare, cold and severe.

"The thought that I should never see him again, never more hear his voice, plunged me into a bitter agony, and like those who are already in the throes of death, I felt I was beyond all human help and consolation.

"But he was praying for me, and God had listened to his prayer. For just as he pronounced the words *Sursum Corda* my entire being was flooded by a sense of extraordinary and delicious peace. An irresistible force raised me above all earthly considerations. The life of a missionary which had hitherto possessed such horrors for me, I saw, for a moment, through the eyes of faith, just as it really is, and as they see it who are enlightened by God's own true light.

"The moment was fleeting but it had enlightened me to my innermost soul.

"'Truly, they are the happiest who suffer all for the love of God.' I knew it, and I felt it then. God grant that I may never forget it.

"After Mass I went to the parlor. Charles came to me almost immediately, and seated face to face beside the little table, we had our last interview. My courage had deserted me when he ap-

peared, or rather as I looked at him, I thought my heart would break.

"'Dear sister,' he said, with his incomparable gentleness, 'do not weep like this I beg of you. Where is your faith? Surely God can sweeten every trial. Do you think He will forsake those who, for love of Him, have renounced everything?' He spoke quite calmly, his eyes raised to heaven as usual, and never did his look, so peculiarly expressive of an invisible world, appear so beautiful before. If the Indians are quick to recognize the distinctive traits of a person's face, they will surely call him, 'the one who gazes heavenward.'

"He recommended his parents to my care.

"'After God and the Blessed Virgin it is to you I confide them,' he said, 'I rely on you as I would on myself — and even a little more perhaps.'

"'I promise you,' I told him, 'to devote myself entirely to their consolation and happiness. I shall do for them what I should have been so delighted to have done for you.'

"He rested his head upon his hands, and remained so for a few moments. When he raised his head his tear-filled eyes shone with heavenly light.

"'Gisella,' he said, 'God came between us, but He did not disunite us. This earthly separation will help to make our eternal union all the more intimate and soul-satisfying.'

"Sweet and cherished words, which I keep repeat-

ing. I begged him to write them in my prayer-book. He did what I requested, and as I gazed at his fair head bent over the table, I was thoroughly convinced that I was looking at him for the last time. I told him this.

"'It is my impression too,' he replied, 'that I shall never return to France. But what does it matter? We are sure to meet in heaven.'

"He gave me back my book, and took from his breast pocket a little blank note-book,[1] which his Superior had allowed me to give him as a souvenir.

"'I shall carry this about with me everywhere.' Then looking at the time he rose saying, 'Gisella, you have helped me to be both religious, and a missionary. The souls which I shall be instrumental in saving will be your glory throughout eternity.' He was very pale but his face beamed with divine fervor.

"As for myself, I had lost all my needed courage, and sat mute and motionless.

"'Come, Gisella, it is time for you to go,' he said in a firm and authoritative voice.

"I rose, but being unable to utter one word, I

[1] In 1654, Father Lemoyne, S. J., an Iroquois missionary, found a small prayer book, which had belonged to Father Garnier, in the possession of one of the savages, who had robbed his person after death. The Indian consented to return this precious relic to Father Lemoyne. "Its possession gave me more pleasure," he wrote, "than the discovery of a gold-mine."

cast myself on my knees before him. He murmured:

"'Beloved friend of my childhood, may you be forever blessed,' and resting his hand upon my head, he prayed for some moments in silence. Then he gave me his missionary's crucifix to kiss, and as he pressed it to my lips he said:

"'May the love of Jesus Christ dwell in your heart, filling it with heavenly peace and happiness.'

"One moment later he had disappeared down the dim corridor."

## CHAPTER XXIV

*(Father Garnier to Gisella Meliand.)*

OUR LADY OF THE ANGELS,
June 21st, 1636.

"*Dear Sister,*

"I have given my parents all the particulars of my ocean trip, reserving the account of New France for you. We left Dieppe the 1st of April, and during the night of June 11th, we cast anchor before Quebec.

"I tried to see a little of that wild unparalleled beauty which I had heard so much about; but I looked in vain, I could only catch a glimpse of the cove wherein the beauty of the stars was reflected. Too happy to think of sleeping, I awaited daylight on deck.

"The night was calm and beautiful. The perfume of the forests was wafted to me on the inland breezes. In that vast and fragrant solitude I prayed with an exuberant spirit, thinking of you all, of Monsieur de Champlain, who is sleeping his last long sleep near by, of those poor Indians still in the shadow of death. God be praised by all His angels for the great grace He has bestowed on me

in sending me to the missions. I shall never fully understand it till I have reached heaven, and a thousand sacrificed lives will not suffice to repay it. I realize that, and the *Magnificat* is forever rising to my lips.

"Meanwhile the stars had paled, and Quebec was slowly emerging from shadow. You know those half-lights, those soft, uncertain grey tints of early morning. I was deeply affected on recognizing what I had not seen as yet; the Habitation, the Chapel, and Fort St. Louis which is built like an eagle's nest on the summit of the steep rock.

"On board, the crew was already astir, and the booming of our cannon soon informed Quebec,— still asleep — that her new governor was in port.

"They answered us almost immediately from the Fort, and through the smoke of their cannon I saw them hoist the white flag. At the same moment, the rising sun lighted up the river and all that wild magnificent nature. Without exaggeration, it was a most beautiful sight.

"I wanted to go on shore immediately in search of Our Lady of the Angels, but etiquette exacted that Monsieur de Montmagny should be the first to leave the ship. A crowd had already gathered on the shore, and the excitement grew intense. Standing on deck, the governor looked about gravely and leisurely. After having kept me on the rack for some time, he decided to enter the

flag-decorated boat which awaited him, inviting Father Chastellain and myself to accompany him. He was in full uniform, and wore the white enameled cross of the Knights of Malta on his breast. General Duplessis de Brochart and the Chevalier de l'Isle stood on either side of him, both looking very handsome and imposing. The remaining officers followed in the other boats.

"On the shore, in the front rank, a member of our Society, Father Lejeune, I concluded, was standing beside a soldier of fine appearance, whom I supposed to be Monsieur de Châteaufort.

"I had not made a mistake in either case; and after the usual civilities, the governor, followed by the crowd, wended his way to the Chapel.

"Perceiving a cross which had been raised at the foot of the mountain, he said:

"'As this is the first cross I have met in this country, let us adore the Crucified in His representation.'

"Then to the sound of beating drums we climbed the mountain way, which Monsieur de Champlain had so often trod.

"Our Lady of Recovery, is about three or four hundred feet from the Fort. This newly-built chapel which is entirely white, is surrounded by trees of a century's growth and possesses a beauty and character quite its own.

"A very beautiful painting representing the An-

nunciation hangs above the altar.[1] *Ave Maria.* Never before had I uttered these words with such deep joy. Father Lejeune intoned the *Te Deum.* How happy we shall be in heaven, Gisella, where our eternity shall consist of one long hymn of praise to God for all His mercies!

"On leaving the church, Monsieur de Châteaufort solemnly handed over the keys of the citadel to Monsieur de Montmagny who, accompanied by the band, went to take possession of it. In the meantime, Father Superior conducted us by a forest path to Our Lady of the Angels.

"After having walked about half a mile, we found ourselves in a wild prairie on the banks of the river.

"On the opposite side, in the middle of a large clearing which had been made in the thickest part of the forest, I perceived a small, low house surmounted by a cross. This was Our Lady of the Angels, the first Jesuit residence in Canada. Fields of wheat, barley, oats and maize surrounded it, the entire place being protected by a strong palisade.

"While Father de Chastellain and I were examining the place, Father Superior was looking for

[1] After the shipwreck in which Fathers Vieuxpont and Noyrot perished, this painting, buffeted by the sea, was cast on the shore of Cape Breton. It was not in the least injured and was sent to Quebec to hang in Monsieur de Champlain's chapel.

something in the rushes which grow on the edge of the river. He pulled out a bark canoe from this shelter, and, pushing it into the water, he paddled across. The house stands about two hundred feet from the river and is built of roughly-planed boards, the spaces being filled up with mud. The roof is thatched with large reeds from the river's edge.

"It is a one-story building; measuring twenty-seven feet by thirty-nine, and is divided into four rooms, one being used as a chapel.

"This chapel is certainly very poor. A very short while ago, the only decoration we had for the altar was a sheet on which two pictures had been pasted. Now we have a painting of the Blessed Virgin surrounded by kneeling angels.

"In this beloved chapel I celebrated my first Mass in New France: it was the feast of Saint Barnabas, consequently I said the Mass of an apostle, and, Gisella, I read with triumphant joy these words of the divine Master: 'I have chosen you out of the world.'

"Father Brébeuf has been with the Hurons for the last two years. His mission is about three hundred leagues from here. Father Davost, Daniel, Pijart, and Le Mercier have joined him. The Huron mission is without comparison the most laborious and dangerous one, but it is also the most coveted and sought after. Among ourselves we

speak of it as the earthly paradise, and the question is, 'Who will be sent there?'

"Father Superior, who serves 'Our Lady of Recovery,' took me with him the day after my arrival and allowed me to visit the Fort. I shall never forget that sad but impressive visit. Ah, Gisella, how sensibly near me our Monsieur de Champlain seemed to be, and how deeply affected I was when I entered his home in that poor Fort St. Louis, which is probably the cradle of another France!

"Monsieur de Châteaufort, insisted on being my guide. There is nothing remarkable about the bare gloomy rooms, except the large hall, which is a spacious, vaulted apartment of imposing appearance. The large fireplace is a monument in itself. A scroll of *fleur-de-lys* runs along each side of the hearth, while a cross in half-relief is carved in the upper part of the mantel. A frieze, which connects the two pillars, contains a statue of St. Louis with his helmet on.

"In this room Monsieur de Champlain was laid out after death. A French flag which had always hung over his mantel half covered him and served as a winding-sheet.

"His private apartment was next to this large hall:

"'Here are his working table, arm-chair and the

bed on which he died,' said Monsieur de Châteaufort.

"In his bed-room, I noticed a very pretty view of Brouage, Monsieur de Champlain's native town.

"A telescope, speaking-trumpet and a few astronomical instruments were put away in a cupboard with glass doors. I examined his books, which stood on plain wooden shelves. A treatise on navigation, a few pious books, some works of history and travel, and the "Lives of the Saints" were what filled up the rare moments of leisure in his solitude.

"Monsieur de Châteaufort gave me a great many details of Monsieur de Champlain's life and death. Truly, Gisella, my father was justified in saying that Samuel de Champlain was one of the noblest sons of noble France.

"It was with the deepest reverence I sat beside his hearth! I wanted to be alone, to weep, to ask Almighty God, prostrate on those hallowed flagstones that the work which he had undertaken at such cost to himself might not perish, but that we might have a New France in the near future.

"Monsieur de Montmagny is going to erect a chapel over Champlain's grave. The temporary stone is a very simple one; a small cross bearing his name and a few lily branches with unopened buds.

"I placed your wreath of immortelles upon his grave. There was a beautiful one there already, sent by Madame de Champlain. I wanted to linger beside that closed tomb. The silence of death speaks to our souls so much more impressively than words. How happy he must be, Gisella, to have done God's most holy will, and to have given up everything for his glorious mission.

"Pondering over these things, I returned to 'Our Lady of the Angels' by a path in the forest. Fathers Ragueneau and Adam arrived in the last ships. Father Jogues is the only one still on his way here; and our refectory, which serves as dormitory too, is not sufficiently large to accommodate us all. Some of us are obliged to sleep in the attic; but each one cheerfully accepts his share of these little discomforts.

"I am, I admit, earnestly entreating Our Immaculate Mother, who seldom refuses me, to send me soon to the Huron mission. Once there, I shall consider myself a true missionary. Do not pity me if you should hear of my being sent there. Privations are the stepping stones to divine love, and true riches consist in having nothing more to sacrifice."

## CHAPTER XXV

During the month of June, the Superior of the Jesuits was often seen walking, buried in thought, on the banks of the River St. Charles.

Father Brébeuf had asked him for additional help, and the Hurons, who were coming to Three Rivers for the trading season, were to take the missionaries back with them. "Send me saints," Father Brébeuf had written.

And whilst repeating these words, Father Lejeune asked Almighty God to enlighten him. As the day drew near, the prayers of the Fathers became more frequent and ardent, and full many were the vows and supplications addressed by them to the Queen of Martyrs to obtain the grace of being sent there, for the Huron mission was the supreme ambition of all the Jesuits at "Our Lady of the Angels."

And yet, they were not ignorant of what awaited them there; for here is what Father Brébeuf, of glorious memory, and the first apostle to the Hurons, wrote to them, after having protested that he did not want to cool their zeal, but only wished to give them some advice on the matter.

"It is true," he said, "that the love of God is

able to accomplish what death does, that is to say, to detach us from creatures and from ourselves. Nevertheless, those longings which we feel to coöperate in the salvation of the infidel are not always sure signs of that purified love. Sometimes there may be a little self-love and self-seeking, if we consider only the good and the satisfaction there is of sending souls to heaven, without fully weighing the toil and difficulties inseparable from those evangelical undertakings.

"In order that no person may be deceived in this matter, *I will show him how much it behooves him to suffer for the name of Jesus.*

"I am pleased to say that Father Le Mercier and Pijart, the last two missioners to arrive, had not quite so much to suffer on their journey here as we had. They did none of the paddling, their companions did not fall sick as ours did, nor did they have to carry any of the heavy loads. But notwithstanding all this and however much this journey with the Indians may be lightened, there is always enough hardship in it to discourage the bravest soul unless it be completely mortified. The Indian's alertness can neither shorten the route, level the rocks, nor avert danger. It makes no difference with whom you undertake the journey, you must expect to be at least three or four weeks on the road, to have for companions people whom you have never seen before, to sit in a bark canoe

in a very uncomfortable position without the liberty of changing from side to side, to be in danger fifty times a day of being upset or dashed upon the rocks. During the day you are scorched by the sun, while at night you are a victim to the mosquitoes. Sometimes you may have to breast five or six rapids in one day, and in the evening your only refreshment will be a little corn which has been crushed between two stones and boiled in water. Your bed may be the ground, but more frequently it is the rugged rocks, and your only shelter the starry heavens. And all this must be gone through in unbroken silence. Should you hurt yourself or fall sick, do not expect the least assistance from these barbarians. If your sickness be dangerous, and you happen to be a great distance from the villages, which are quite far apart, I cannot promise you that, if you are unable to follow them, they will not desert you.

"Once you have reached the Huron Mission, we shall receive you with open arms, as if you were angels from heaven, and we shall be most willing to make you comfortable, but I fear that it will be almost impossible to do so. The hut to which we shall welcome you is so wretched that I know of none like it in France. This is how you will be sheltered.

"Tired and way-worn, as you undoubtedly will be, the only bed we shall have to offer you will be

a rush-mat. You will reach here at a time when those little pests, which we call *tashac* here, but fleas in the mother-tongue, will keep you awake nearly all night long, for they are far more troublesome here than in France. The dust of our huts feeds them, the Indians bring them to us, and we carry them in our clothing from their homes. This minor martyrdom, not to speak of the mosquitoes and other insects of that class, usually lasts the three or four months of summer.

"However great a teacher and theologian you may have been in France, here you shall have to become a school-boy once more and be pupil of such strange masters — of women, little children and all the Indians, who will subject you to their ridicule — and it will be very surprising if, at the end of several months, you are able to stammer a few words.

"And how will you stand the winter here? Our hut is made of bark, but so closely put together that we are obliged to go out of doors to know what the weather is. The smoke is often so thick, pungent and persistent that for four or five days at a time, unless you are quite proof against it, you can barely make out a few lines in your breviary. Then, our fireside is besieged by Indians from morning till night.

"So far everything has been comparatively easy; but in the future when we shall have Christians in

nearly every village, we shall be obliged to visit them and remain there for weeks at a time amid the most unheard of inconveniences.

" Add to all this, the fact that our lives are in constant danger, for besides the dread of your cabin (which is like tinder) taking fire, in spite of the many precautions you take to avert such a calamity, the malice of the Indians keeps you in constant fear on that score. A malcontent may either split your head open or roast you at a stake in some lonely place. You are held responsible for the sterility of the ground, for the many droughts, and if you cannot bring down rain, they decide to get rid of you.

" I have still to speak of the danger from the enemy. The Iroquois are found in ambush in the fields. The Hurons are very cowardly, they are seldom if ever ready for war, and they do not trouble themselves to surround their villages with palisades. They usually seek safety in flight. In those general disturbances of the country, you will see how very necessary it is for us to look out for our own safety.

" But what would all this matter, if, in our comfortless lives, we could at least have the externals of piety, as they exist in France. There, the vast crowds and the good example of Catholics, as well as the magnificence and beauty of the churches, preach devotion. Moreover, you have the consolation of saying your Mass every day. Here, we

have no incentives to devotion. We are among people who are surprised if you speak to them of God, who blaspheme horribly and almost continually. Frequently, you will be obliged to deprive yourselves of saying Mass, and, when you have everything necessary to do so, a corner of your hut will have to serve for a chapel, and the smoke, snow or rain will hinder you from beautifying it, even if you had wherewith to do it. Now, I think I have told you quite enough, the rest must be learned by experience."

## CHAPTER XXVI

The refectory of Our Lady of the Angels had been divided into four rooms: two small square ones — six by six — and two a little larger, which contained two beds each. Charles Garnier and his travelling companion, Pierre Chastellain, occupied one of the latter. These young religious had just been selected for the Huron mission, and on the 30th of June, they were to be seen in their room, busily engaged in preparing their packs.

"In order to win the Indian children's affection we are, it appears, to take them sugar and raisins," said Pierre Chastellain. "The little ones dearly love sugar, which they call the 'Snow of France.'"

Charles Garnier smiled.

"If we are to tame the Indian children with sugar — surely this will secure us the good will of our guides," he said, as he lifted a rather heavy parcel from his bed.

Upon opening it he found that it contained colored glass beads, awls, fish-hooks and several dozens of pocket-knives.

"This is the coin of the country. This is what buys the fish with which we regale the Indians throughout the journey."

After Father Chastellain had taken his share; the two young missionaries continued helping one another to tie up their packages and to make them as portable as possible. When the last parcel was done up, Pierre Chastellain left the room, and Charles Garnier taking a manuscript from beneath his pillows approached the window.

The manuscript, which was in Father Brébeuf's handwriting, was entitled:

INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE FATHERS OF OUR SOCIETY WHO MAY BE SENT TO THE HURON MISSION.

Standing in the narrow window Charles Garnier remained for a few moments looking at the beautiful river and the peaceful landscape which he already loved and which, after the following day, he would never see again. Then, opening his paper, he read the following:

"The Fathers whom God will call to the holy mission among the Hurons should gently strive to foresee the trials and dangers which must be encountered on the journey, in order to be well prepared for the many accidents which may occur.

"To learn to sincerely love the Indians, consider them as having been redeemed by the Son of God and as your future brothers with whom you shall have to spend the remainder of your days.

"To please the Indians, care must be taken not to delay them in their departure and to provide a

flint, or burning-glass, or both, in order to make them a fire, around which they may sit and smoke during the day and in evening, when they must pitch camp. These little services win their hearts.

"You must force yourselves to eat their *sagamites* just as they prepare them, although they may be unclean, half-cooked and tasteless. As for the many other things which may prove disagreeable, you must try to bear with them for the love of God, without speaking of them or appearing to notice them.

"It will be well, from the very start to take whatever they offer you, even though you cannot eat it all, for once you are accustomed to their food you will not find it too much.

"Try to eat at day-break — that is if you cannot take your share with you — for the day is very long to spend without eating. When the Indians are on a journey, they eat only at sun-rise and sun-set.

"Be quick in getting in and out of the canoes, and tuck up your habits, so as not to wet yourselves or carry sand or water into the canoes. Go barefooted, if necessary, rather than lag behind. When you reach the rapids you can take your shoes with you.

"Try to avoid giving trouble to any one of the savages.

"It is not advisable to ask too many questions

or to gratify your inclination to learn the language, or to make any remarks about the journey. Spare your companions this annoyance.

" Bear with their imperfections without making any remarks — or better, try not to see them. Should you be obliged to reprove them for anything, do so quietly with words and signs which convey love and not anger. In brief, strive always to be cheerful.

" At the portages, let each one carry something according to his strength — however little you may carry, you will always please the Indians by doing so.

" You must not be ceremonious with them, but accept whatever they offer you even if it be the best place in their cabins. The greatest conveniences are at best but poor comforts, and your formality offends them.

" Do not make yourselves obnoxious by wearing your hats in the canoes. It would be far better for you to wear your nightcaps.

" The savages have no conception of the proprieties of life.

" Do not begin to do anything which you do not wish to continue. For instance, do not begin to paddle if you do not intend to keep it up. At the outset choose the seat in the canoe which you wish to reserve for yourself. Do not lend your clothes

to the Indians unless you wish them to keep them for the entire journey.

"Finally, be assured that the Indians will retain at the mission the opinion which they have formed of you during the journey, and he whom they may have found troublesome or hard to please will have some difficulty in dispelling this impression. You will have to do not only with the persons of your boat — but with, I may add, the whole community, who will not fail to inquire what manner of man you are. It is incredible how they detect and remember your smallest faults.

"When you meet an Indian on the way, smile pleasantly at him, since you are unable to speak to him kindly, and let him see how cheerfully you are bearing the fatigues of the journey. You will have turned the trials of the trip to good account, and made great headway, if you succeeded in winning the affection of the Indians.

"Here are lessons easy enough to learn — but very hard to practice."

## CHAPTER XXVII

*(Father Garnier to Gisella Meliand.)*

RESIDENCE OF THE CONCEPTION,
THREE RIVERS, July 10th, 1636.

*Dear Sister,*

I am on my way to the Huron mission, and I have permission to write you a few lines.

Three Rivers, the point where we come to await the Indians who have consented to take us back with them, and where we bid adieu to civilization, is a small trading-post much frequented. About two years ago, Monsieur de Champlain sent Monsieur La Violette to build a fort here. We have a house, which is in charge of Fathers Buteux and Du Marché. On account of the excessive fear which the Iroquois inspire, it appears that very few of the Hurons have come down this year. Seven have arrived, however, with letters from Father Brébeuf. I saw them pitch their tents upon the beach.

On landing, before showing themselves to the French, they oiled their hair and painted their bodies red, blue and black. This strange toilet was made among the rushes where they had lodged their canoes.

A feast was prepared for them, which they enjoyed immensely. One of them, the captain of the village of Ihonatiria, who had taken Father Le Mercier up last year, said he would willingly take one of us, if we would furnish him with a canoe.

The canoe was soon found, and Father Chastellain was named to go. When the other Indians heard that I intended going also, they said we must not be separated, and they offered to take me with them. Usually it requires quite a lot of coaxing and insistence to make them take you. Consequently Father Lejeune, who had followed us to Three Rivers, was very much surprised to hear this. I was not, for I had confided everything to the Blessed Virgin.

Once matters were settled, we gave the two captains a blanket each, and top-coats to the rest of the crew. Peas, bread, and a small quantity of prunes are what we are taking to feed ourselves and the Indians, who did not make a *cache* on their downward journey.

Gisella, I often ask myself if I am not dreaming — if it is really true that I am on my way to St. Joseph of Ihonatiria. A joy beyond words fills my heart. Ah, but God is admirable in His ways! How has it all come about? How did I sever every tie that bound me and realize that our greatest and truest happiness is in God alone?

I cannot say. But the light dawned on me

slowly and surely like the deepening of evening shadows.

I left Quebec the first of July with Father Chastellain. In order to impress the Indians more fully with the missionaries' great dignity and importance, the Governor accompained us to our canoes and had three guns fired from the Fort.

Instinctively I felt I should never see Quebec again and this conviction grew stronger as I receded from its shores. The thought did not sadden me. On the contrary, it was with a sense of deep peace that I repeated: "*Voluntas tua, voluptas mea.*"

From Quebec to Three Rivers the solitude is unbroken. No houses brighten the shores, nor is a single sail to be seen on the bosom of the mighty river.

Sometimes I felt crushed beneath this awful scene of isolation, but prayer soon made me strong again.

Dear sister, how I long for you to possess this spirit of prayer. Then you will no longer think of earthly joys, and the cares and regrets of life will rest upon you as lightly as the dead leaves rest upon the great St. Lawrence.

Adieu, Gisella, it is a very sweet and real consolation for me to have you beside my parents.

And with my unworthy hand of missioner, I sincerely bless you.

*(Father Garnier to Father Lejeune, Superior of the Missions in New France.)*

LAKE NIPISSING, Aug. 8th, 1636.

May God be blessed forever! We reached Nipissing yesterday, so well and happy that I am ashamed to speak of it. For had I been sufficiently loving and courageous, I am sure that God would have given me a small share of His Cross to bear, as He did to our Fathers who preceded us here. Had He so favored me, I should feel a little more humble than I do.

May God be praised by all His angels. He has treated His child like a child. I was not asked to paddle. I was only obliged to carry my own bag, except the last three days when reaching the portages, I carried a small bundle which was given me, because one of the Indians of our canoe had fallen sick. Is this not being treated like a child? And the worst of it is that he who complains of having very little to suffer, is generally the one who accepts reluctantly what God sends. All I can do in this matter is to place my poor wretched heart in my good Master's hands and ask you, dear Father, to thank the Lord for having given me the hope of belonging entirely to Him one day.

We reached the Island on the evening of the feast of St. Ignatius.

We bought some Indian corn as our peas had

given out. This corn lasted us until we reached here; our Indians had not hidden any anywhere, and we found very little fish.

Adieu, Reverend Father; obtain for me by your prayers that I may be what I should be in the land whither you have sent me in God's name.

## CHAPTER XXVIII

Twenty-four days had already passed since the missionaries' departure from Three Rivers.

Seated with four Indians, Charles Garnier was telling his beads.

His handsome face, burnt by the sun and disfigured by mosquito-bites, showed no signs of dejection.

He often paused in his prayer and with joyful, eager expectancy scanned the solitary shores of the great Georgian Bay.

"Is that Ihonatiria?" he would ask his guides from time to time.

But they, quite impassive, paddled in unbroken silence.

Towards evening, as they were entering a creek, Kionche, the captain of the canoe, attracted the attention of the Jesuit, who was reading his breviary, and lifting his paddle, he murmured a few words: "Ihonatiria," being the only one which Charles understood.

They had reached the end of their journey.

Father Garnier looked at the dark forest, the unknown shore, the uncouth Indians who surrounded him and a mortal sadness suddenly took possession

of his soul. His thoughts travelled back to his native land, to his loving and much beloved family, and resting his forehead upon his hands, he saw Bois-Belle once more — saw the cheerful fire upon its hearth and the joy which always welcomed his home-coming. All the love and happiness he had sacrificed passed before his closed eyes, and the life that awaited him here appeared to him just as it truly was, a thousand times more horrible than death.

But the young missionary did not allow himself to dwell too long upon either the vision of enervating pleasures, or that of appalling horror.

"*Voluntas tua, voluptas mea,*" he murmured as he lovingly pressed his crucifix to his heart.

Being the first to spring on shore, he knelt and kissed the Huron soil, which was to receive the sweat of his labors, if not his blood as well. As he rose from his knees, a very tall powerfully built man, dressed in black, appeared near the outskirts of the woods.

"Echon," murmured the Indians.

"Father Brébeuf," Charles Garnier concluded. And baring his head, he went towards the Superior of the mission, who had come to meet him.

Brébeuf was deeply impressed by Charles' youth, beauty and noble bearing.

"All praise to God!" he said, as he pressed him to his heart.

For a moment they wept in one another's embrace, then the Apostle of the Hurons, resting his strong hand tenderly upon Charles' fair head, said:

"I am delighted to welcome you here, and my wish for you is, that you may spend your life and strength in the service of these poor Indians. Are you very tired, my son?"

"Not very," the young missionary answered smiling, through his tears.

"The Lord be praised! You met with good, kind Indians, who neither asked you to paddle, nor go barefooted. Father Chastellain reached here yesterday and gave us all the news. Don't worry about your luggage, for here comes LeCoq, and he will carry it for you."

Robert LeCoq,[1] a strong young fellow of happy, sprightly appearance, belonged to that class of unknown heroes who devoted themselves to the service of the missioners.

He saluted Father Garnier, and, drawing a long strap from his pocket, he started, with the help of the two religious, to tie up the many parcels into one. Then he slung the pack across his shoulders and disappeared into the woods.

Charles Garnier had retained his own packet, but his Superior requested him to give it up; and this bag, which the young missionary had often found so heavy at the portages, appeared as thistle-

[1] He perished in 1650, in a skirmish with the Iroquois.

down in Father Brébeuf's hands. For a few moments they walked along the shore, and the tops of the giant trees were mirrored in the water at its edge, while in the far distance the peaceful lake reflected the deep azure of the summer sky.

"How beautiful," Charles murmured.

"The Indians call it Karegnondi," said Father Brébeuf, extending his hand towards the lake, "and Monsieur de Champlain named it, 'The Fresh Water Sea.' Ihonatiria, a third of a mile from here, is a very small village. But it is better for us to remain in the background until we have become acquainted with the language and customs of the Indians."

"It was here, was it not, Father, that you were deserted on your arrival two years ago?"

"The very place. We took thirty days to come from Three Rivers, and with the exception of one day's rest among the Nipissings, I paddled the whole way up, and so constantly that I was obliged to read my breviary at night by the light of the burning logs. As a climax, on reaching here, my Indians deserted me at night-fall. Now you are going to become acquainted with the roads of this country. This is the shortest way home," said Father Brébeuf, as he entered a forest path.

This path, formerly trodden by the wild deer, had been broadened, and the two men were en-

abled, by pushing aside the stronger branches here and there to walk abreast.

Above their heads, the forest, ancient as the world itself, stretched its shady restless dome. Full-throated anthems and sleepy twitterings of birds, sounds mysterious and enchanting, filled the perfumed, throbbing air.

"What a delightful road," exclaimed Charles, forgetting his fatigue.

"Yes, in warm weather, these green leafy paths are very agreeable," Father Brébeuf answered quietly.

"What did you do, Father, when you discovered you had been deserted?"

"The locality was not altogether unknown to me, but the village of Toanche, where I had lived five years before, had entirely disappeared. I admit I was a little sad and discouraged, but it was momentary. I thanked God for having brought me so far. I invoked the Guardian Angels of the country; then, after hiding my luggage, with the exception of the sacred vessels, I went in search of my Indians."

"You can speak the Huron language fluently now, I suppose," Charles Garnier said, a trace of envy in his voice.

"I understand everything my Indians say to me and succeed in making myself understood by them;

even when I am explaining the great mysteries of our religion. My first pupils, Fathers Daniel and Davost, are able to stammer a few words now. We have worked hard and are still working indefatigably."

"The difficulties of the language are very great, are they not?"

"Almost endless. But the knowledge of the language is our greatest weapon of defense with the Indians. We have outlined a dictionary; now we are trying to compile a grammar; but we are obliged to use birch-bark for our work."

"Have you no paper?" Charles Garnier asked, in surprise.

"Yes, but very little, most of our paper and books were in Father Davost's pack. The Indians, after stealing quite a lot of it, obliged him to throw the remainder into the water. Finally, they deserted him on Allumette Island, where he was found half dead. But thanks to Almighty God no one perished."

"Now I see that I had the pick of the Hurons," remarked Charles Garnier. "And yet, how often I had to overcome myself to appear pleased with them."

"Poor Indians," said Father Brébeuf tenderly, "their uncouthness and filth are a source of unending suffering and embarrassment to us. We have none of the comforts of life, and our priva-

tions are beyond the imagination of man to conceive. On my way here, I met Father Daniel; he was barefooted like his Indians, he carried his paddle in his hand; his breviary hung suspended by a cord around his neck; his shirt was filthy, and the cassock on his back was in tatters. He looked the personification of misery and fatigue; and yet he was so happy, and hopeful that I could not help envying him."

A smile of ineffable sweetness illumined Father Brébeuf's strong face.

"This is how God Almighty rewards those who have relinquished everything for His sake," he remarked, in an almost inaudible voice; "no one can understand it who has not experienced it; and what we feel when we have baptized a person who dies almost immediately and goes straight to heaven, is a joy which few can comprehend."

Charles Garnier, who was listening with great attention, appeared deeply impressed.

"Do the Hurons show any signs of conversion?" he asked.

"They admit that God's laws are beautiful and reasonable. But they hold fast to their superstitions and infamous customs. To see them deliberately closing their eyes to the light of Faith, is our supreme suffering. But we must be content to await God's good time," he continued, resignedly. "We must be satisfied to do nothing after having

done everything. It is on such foundations that God wishes to build His Church. Moreover, barren as the soil is, the seed of eternal life never perishes completely. We have instructed and baptized several adults on their deathbeds; very few infants die without baptism; but we must face a thousand insults and outrages to do so, and our heads must be ready to receive the axe's blow, as often as there are hours in the day."

"Even that is not enough," exclaimed Charles Garnier, "we should be ready to suffer the worst cruelty an Indian can conceive."

"That is saying a great deal," answered Father Brébeuf calmly. "Last year we greatly feared an invasion from the Iroquois. Our poor Hurons can neither get ready for war, nor defend themselves. Therefore we had to be prepared for death each day, or to be dragged into captivity."

Charles Garnier looked at his Superior with loving admiration.

"Surely, Father," he said, "there will be a few martyrs among us. It would be a curse upon the country if there were none."

"The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians," answered Father Brébeuf, who had grown quite pensive. "It is an accepted maxim in God's Church. But very often I ask myself if the life we lead here, is not in many ways equal to martyrdom; one sure thing is, we live days and nights,

in dread of being burnt to death, or cut down by the tomahawk."

The young missioner listened to all this with unruffled calm.

As a Protestant author has written,[1] "Brébeuf was the Lion of the Huron mission, and Garnier was its Lamb; but the lamb was as brave as the lion."

Ahead of them the forest was becoming less dense.

"We have reached home," said Father Brébeuf. "We are at St. Joseph's of Ihonatiria."

Charles Garnier pushed the branches hastily aside.

Before him, in a large clearing, over which the golden mists of evening hung, a number of funnel-shaped birch huts were to be seen.

Fields of Indian corn, beans and pumpkins, surrounded these wretched dwellings. In front of one hut, which stood a little apart, a large red cross had been erected.

"Behold what you came from the other side of the world to seek, dear brother," said the apostle of the Huron mission, "here is the vine laden with thorns which our hands must pluck out, and here the battle-field where we must fight, even unto death, the powers of the Prince of Darkness."

Yielding to the same impulse, the two Jesuits

[1] Francis Parkman.

knelt and prayed for a few moments, then rising, they held one another in a mighty grasp, like warriors pledging themselves to shed their blood in a common cause. Then they turned towards the opening in the palisade which protected the village.

Around about, the setting sun had "fretted with golden light" the undulating forest dome. The quiet of evening had fallen upon the village.

Some men were smoking, lazily stretched upon the greensward; others seated in a circle, played knuckle-bones.

Beside the stream which flowed through the village, a few dirty, hideous women were busy drying fish. The voices of the children practising shooting outside the enclosure were the only sounds that broke the ever-deepening silence. No one seemed to notice the missioners on their homeward way. At the door of one hut, a scalp was hanging, still dripping with the warm blood of its owner.

Charles Garnier turned away his eyes in horror. His Superior detecting his action, drew his attention to the red cross standing before their hut.

"How infinitely consoling it is," he remarked, "to see this sign of salvation amidst such barbarism."

"Do the Hurons object to the sight of the Cross?" Father Garnier asked, as he lifted his hat in respectful homage.

"I had a great deal of trouble to prevent them from cutting it down. Last year we were visited with a terrible drought; it was really alarming, everything was drying up. The Medicine-men, who were summoned to make it rain, after having dreamed, danced, and feasted in vain, agreed among themselves to say that it was the Cross before the door of the Frenchman's hut that kept the rain from falling. The Indians were determined to cut it down. I said to the Chiefs:

"'I cannot prevent you from cutting down the cross, but I shall never give my consent to your doing so.' I recalled to them the number of times it had rained since the cross was erected, and I urged them to come in a body, men and women, and ask God to send them rain. They saw themselves reduced to famine, so they did as I had requested. That very day, rain fell in abundance, and their delight was unbounded. They all came, one after another, to tell me how good God is, and they heaped abuse upon their medicine-men."

As the two religious were passing one of the huts, a little lad between five and six years old, ran out to kiss Father Brébeuf's beads.

"This is the first child I baptized among the Hurons," said the missionary, as he lifted him in his arms. "Isn't he a fine little fellow. He was almost dead when I baptized him."

Father Brébeuf spoke a few words in Huron to

him and the child answered by making the sign of the Cross. Father Garnier was so charmed that forgetting the child's filth, he began fondling it tenderly.

"Look," said Father Brébeuf, "here are your brothers-in-arms coming to meet you."

And sure enough, François Le Mercier, Pierre Pijart and Pierre Chastellain, their faces beaming with joy, were running to greet him.

They threw their arms about Charles' neck, and rivalled one another in the warmth of their welcome.

"Come, come," said Father Brébeuf, cutting short their effusions, "Father Garnier is dying of fatigue and hunger. Give him a chance to enjoy the hospitality of our house."

"Everything is ready," answered Father Le Mercier, "Father Chastellain took us by surprise, but we were expecting you, dear brother, and we have prepared a feast for you. How do you like our house?"

The house was built of bark and measured thirty-five feet long by twenty wide, its one and only window was a hole in the roof, through which the smoke escaped.

"It does not resemble Bois-Belle very much," said Father Brébeuf gaily, as he opened the door; "but believe me, the more you have given up, the more grateful you will be to God."

The cabin was divided into three apartments.

The first, which served as a waiting-room, contained their store of Indian corn and dried fish.

The religious occupied the second one, which was much longer, but which was devoid of table or chairs. Along the walls, shelves containing the missionaries' clothing, books, etc., were to be seen.

The fire was lighted in the center of this room.

The Jesuits passed into the third, which had been made into a chapel, to recite the *Te Deum.* Meanwhile, Father Le Mercier who had remained behind, spread in one corner a rush mat, on which he placed a wooden plate, and a small bark drinking-cup. Scattering the hot ashes, he drew forth a small loaf of Indian corn bread, which he proudly placed on the mat, with a dish of *sagamite,*[1] some raspberries and blue-berries hidden in large maple leaves. Then he ran to get water from the spring that flowed near by, and when the Fathers came out of the chapel, a few moments later, they found him upon his knees before the bright coals, busily toasting slices of pumpkin and ears of corn.

Charles Garnier was so delighted to be with his brothers in religion once more, that he could not find words to express his joy.

"Come and have something to eat, my son,"

[1] Porridge made of Indian corn meal, and water, seasoned with powdered smoked fish.

said Father Brébeuf, as he led him towards the mat.

The young missionary sat down on the ground, and dipped his wooden spoon into the dish of *sagamite*.

"How good it is — and how delightfully clean everything is," he exclaimed, lifting his weary, but happy face towards his brothers. "I am very hungry."

"You must be in great need of sleep too," said Father Chastellain, "I assure you I was completely exhausted yesterday."

"Your bedroom is ready," said François Le Mercier, as he showed him a sort of niche, under the shelf, in which a rush mat, and a blanket were spread.

"The Indians sleep around the fire," added Father Brébeuf, "but we have found means to have alcoves private."

And these brave intruders into Satan's kingdom, all burst out laughing.

## CHAPTER XXIX

(*Father Garnier to Gisella Meliand.*)

St. Joseph of Ihonatiria, June, 1637.

*Dear Sister,—*

I have already spent nine months with the Indians. Our sufferings are truly great. But you must not pity me too much. There is no reason why you should, for I can assure you that in spite of hunger, cold and our inconceivable inconveniences, I have experienced more happiness here in one day than I should have elsewhere all my life long. Believe me, the fewer human consolations we have, the more God takes possession of our hearts, and makes us feel how much His love exceeds all the imaginable sweetness which is to be found in creatures. Ah! Gisella, what a grace God bestowed on me in calling me to the Apostolate, and in choosing me in preference to so many others to come here, and carry His Cross.

I arrived here on the 13th of August in the evening. Father Brébeuf came as far as my canoe to meet me, and I acknowledge I was greatly affected on seeing him.

Everything about him speaks so eloquently of his

great, holy and voluntary poverty. He has aged a good deal. His powerful shoulders are somewhat bent. It is evident he has met with countless and formidable obstacles, and that he has carried in the wilderness the heavy cross of God's love.

And how describe to you my delight when I learned that I had reached the end of my journey, and how glad I was when I emerged from the dark forest, and saw the bark roof of Ihonatiria, and the large red cross standing before our cabin door.

You know the kind of huts the Hurons live in. Externally our cabin is exactly like all the others, but we have made a few improvements in the interior which have excited the admiration of all the country. For instance, instead of the skin or sheet of bark which the Indians use at the opening of their huts, we have a polished wooden door, and partitions divide the cabin into three rooms.

The first one is store and waiting-room combined. We occupy the second, and its furniture consists of a few stumps disguised as seats, a hand-mill, a mortar for crushing Indian corn, and a clock. The Indians all wish to turn the handle of the mill. The clock has awakened the curiosity of the entire neighborhood. The natives look on it as a living, marvellous being. They call it the captain of the day. On their arrival they never fail to ask how often it has spoken. The third room serves as a chapel. Two pictures, one of the Blessed Virgin,

and one of Saint Joseph, decorate its bark walls, and notwithstanding that it is ventilated by countless crevices, it, like the rest of the cabin, smells horribly of smoke.

We live just like the Indians. Our beds consist of a sheet of bark and a blanket stretched upon the floor. We never think of making use of sheets, not even for our sick. Our daily food is Indian corn, crushed and boiled in water. In winter we are obliged to read our breviaries, to study, and perform every other occupation by the light of the fire. Our greatest inconvenience is certainly the smoke. When the wind blows in a certain direction, it is impossible to stand it, it makes our eyes so sore and painful. But in spite of our many drawbacks, we manage to follow as closely as possible the regular community life.

We rise at four o'clock, make our meditation and say Mass. Then follow our spiritual reading, and recitation of the Little Hours; it is the only free time we have during the day for our devotions.

After breakfast, which is at eight o'clock, we are ready to receive the Indians. The Fathers who are not on home duty go and visit the huts, while those who are, teach catechism to the children and catechumens, keeping a strict watch at the same time on their visitors, to prevent them from carrying off everything.

Between lessons, the Indians sit on their heels around the fire smoking their calumets.

At two o'clock we have daily examination of conscience — which is followed by dinner. Grace before and after meals is said in Huron, on account of the Indians who are present.

At four or five o'clock, according to the season of the year, the Indians are dismissed. We recite Matins and Lauds, then hold conferences concerning the progress of the Faith, and the Huron language.

Each one states anything new he may have remarked in the manner of expressing oneself, and by putting together what each one has remembered, we try to acquire the genius of the Huron language, which is a very beautiful, rich, but peculiar one, having, as it were, verbs as its principal elements.

We have supper at half past six, and the evening is spent in chatting about mission interests, in reading and study.

As I have already told you, all this must be done by the light of the fire. Our studies are frequently interrupted by the sound of the Chichikoue, by dancing and revelry.

We end our day by reading the litanies.

We are six missionaries, all in good health, in spite of the privations and fatigues, and our fatigues are great, for since last Autumn a pestilential

sickness has been making sad ravages among the Hurons.

Father Jogues was one of the first attacked by it, on his arrival last September.

I had begun my annual retreat, but I interrupted it to nurse him, and contracted his sickness.

Our cabin soon became a veritable hospital; but by God's mercy there was always one of us well enough to nurse the sick.

Father Le Mercier had the water to carry, the wood to split, and the kitchen to look after, in addition to his usual duties of infirmarian. His broths were a source of infinite worry to him, for game is very scarce out here. Not being able to secure any at first, he made us a beverage of wild purslane.

François Petitpré, the only lay-brother who did not succumb to the sickness, spent his days and nights in the woods seeking game.

We are all perfectly well again.

Unfortunately, we cannot make the Indians take any precautions. Almost all their sick died, and the contagion is spreading daily. The Hurons attribute sickness to three causes: to natural causes; to the souls of the deceased, who desire something, and to witchcraft especially.

A famous magician, who had offered to breathe upon us when we were sick, was so enraged at our

refusing to allow him to do so, that he reported everywhere that we were the cause of the pestilence, and that we were casting spells. Moreover, the Indians who have returned from Manhattan, where the Dutch are settled, say that the Dutch told them to mistrust the Jesuits. "The countries where the Black-robes settle," they said, "are soon ruined, and depopulated."

They are in a state of great excitement. They think we foster the disease in our dwelling like a domestic animal, and this is only one among their many thousand absurd beliefs.

God alone knows what the result of this will be. We leave all to His adorable will, without a shadow of fear or uneasiness.

No matter what happens, Gisella, I am where God wishes me to be, and I seek Him alone. Ecstatic joy dwells in this thought.

Farewell, dear sister; be happy and pray.

## CHAPTER XXX

*(Father Garnier to Gisella Meliand.)*

From Our Residence of the Conception,
Ossossane, May, 1638.

Those who preach the religion of the Crucified must expect crosses of all descriptions. We experience this truth daily, dear sister, and this year has been a particularly hard one for us.

In my last letter, I told you that an epidemic was devastating the country. This malady, hitherto unknown, has spread everywhere. It has wiped out entire villages, amongst others, Ihonatiria, where we used to live, and our Hurons are convinced that the Black-robes are responsible for all their ill luck.

These poor savages! The most intelligent of them cannot understand the motive which made us leave France, to come and settle among them. They see we do not seek any particular gain, and that we exhaust ourselves in labor and fatigue. Realizing that we must have some great object in view, they concluded that we desired to take possession of their country, after having caused their death.

In all the villages they lighted the council fires, in order to decide the best means to get rid of the Black-robes.

A few of the Fathers appeared at one of these solemn assemblies.

It was eight o'clock in the evening. The Chiefs of the three Huron tribes had been convened. Sad and silent, they sat on each side of the cabin lighted by the council fire. The spectacle was truly dismal.

After the profound silence prescribed by the ceremonial, each chief rose in his turn, and denounced us, and with heart-breaking sighs, counted out his sick and dead.

Father Brébeuf asked permission to speak, and he addressed the assembly in that confident way of his, which always commands a hearing. He had no difficulty in refuting the accusations by reasonings which no person could answer. But still the chiefs kept urging us to produce the bewitched stuff. As we were leaving the council, a tall athletic Indian dropped, felled by the blow of a hatchet.

"Was that blow meant for me?" Father Brébeuf asked, for he thought that owing to the obscurity, the savage had made a mistake.

"No," the savage answered, "thou mayst pass; he was a sorcerer, but thou art not."

In a country where everyone has the right to get rid of sorcerers, it is miraculous we have not been

murdered long ago. True, our cabin has been set on fire; they have rushed in on us, hatchet in hand, to cut us to pieces; they have showered brutal blows on one of our Fathers to hinder him from administering baptism; and several times in their public assemblies they have decided on our death; but thank God, we are all living, and in the best of health.

Despite their threats, and rebuffs, we still continue to visit the huts.

Usually each hut contains five or six fires, and two families sit around each one. Seen through the dense smoke and fitful firelight, these hideous sick savages give us a faint idea of demons. Alas! very often these unfortunates refuse to listen to us. Some even wrap up their faces so as not to see us, and others accuse us, to our faces, of being the cause of all their sufferings.

Regular help has been organized.

There are some amongst us who have the care of forty huts or more, and to discharge our duties we are obliged to visit them two or three times a day, for God has a few chosen ones among these unfortunate savages.

Not to speak of the dying children, all of whom we manage to baptize, it often happens that some sick person has his eyes opened to the light of Faith. Oh, Gisella, what happiness there is in baptizing him and seeing him die! Have you ever thought

of the astonishment, the overwhelming joy, of a poor savage who passes from the depths of misery to the splendors of heaven?

After seeing one of those happy elect die, and on emerging from the smoky hovel which it was impossible to enter without being covered with filth and soot, I have often stopped, overcome with joy, to contemplate heaven. The thought of the eternal happiness which we are the means of securing for these poor savages, compensates for all our fatigues and sufferings.

Would to God that by suffering a thousand times more, we could save them all. For us who know the great value of souls, the most exquisite anguish and the keenest pain is to see them deliberately damning themselves. The conversion of the Hurons presents very formidable obstacles. It is only after the expenditure of much time and patience, that we succeed in making them accept the sweet teachings of the Gospel,— but we are all full of courage. As Father Superior says, " Before we finish, we must begin."

Fathers Brébeuf, Le Mercier and Ragueneau are here with me. The others have gone to St. Joseph of Teanaostaiae, a very large village.

Ossossane is a much larger and far more important village than Ihonatiria. In some respects it resembles a capital, for the treaties of the country are concluded here. The Feast of the Dead, the

nation's most solemn feast, is celebrated here every tenth year.

Ossossane, which the French have named La Rochelle, occupies a very pretty site. The forest of pine and fir trees which surrounds it slopes down to the edge of the lake. On a slight promontory, at a gun-shot from the village, the chapel dedicated to our Immaculate Mother, stands. For here, beside our bark cabin, we have what you might call a real chapel, built of boards, and erected by workmen from Quebec. It measures thirty feet in length, sixteen in width, and twenty-four in height, and is very pleasing in appearance.

We now number here about sixty Christians. On Sunday morning, in the severest weather even, they are seen arriving half-clad. In order that they may not suffer too much from the cold, we have large pots filled with hot coals brought into the church. It is gratifying to see them kneel down, although they do so in a most awkward way, and say their prayers aloud with our workmen before the Blessed Sacrament, and receive Holy Communion. Tears of joy and gratitude often fill my eyes. The Apostolate is heaven anticipated. Do not pity me too much. The condition of the missionaries is above and beyond that of the Blessed. Believe me, the harmonies of heaven are not so sweet to the ear as the voice of a poor Indian who says, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty."

## CHAPTER XXXI

During the summer of 1639, Charles Garnier got news of his father's death.

Among the many letters which he received from his family at that time, his mother's was especially comforting.

"My dear Son," she wrote, "You were your father's greatest consolation at the hour of his death. The thought of what you are suffering to make the name of God known, filled him with joy and hope. He said: 'Our Lord would have pity on him for your sake,' and unceasingly he returned thanks to God for having given him the strength to allow you to follow your vocation. 'You will find,' he would often remark to me, 'that the more a sacrifice has cost you, the more consolation it will give you at the hour of death.'

"I believe it, dear child, and each day, I shall repeat these words, kneeling beside the bed where he died.

"Your brothers are very kind, doing all they can for me; but if I did not have Gisella with me, I should be greatly to be pitied. It is impossible for me to tell you what she has been to your father and what she is to me.

"No daughter has ever been more attentive or afforded more delight to her parents.

"Since your departure, she has seldom mixed in society. It was her wish to devote herself entirely to us and she has done so.

"Your father loved her with unbounded love.

"Her singing gave him much pleasure. During his last sickness, he could bear only sweet low music, but he longed for it, and often begged Gisella to sing for him. And in that chamber of death, her soft-toned voice possessed a peculiar sweetness. Now she sings for me, and listening to her my tears are far less bitter. Sometimes I think you left her a little of your lively faith. I marvel at the great uplifting of her spirit.

"'Are we not blessed in having been permitted to sacrifice to God one whom we loved a thousand times more than ourselves?' she often asks.

"Yes, I know I am a fortunate mother, but I grow very sad at the thought of never seeing you again. My dear child, you who are my cross and my crown, pray for your poor mother."

## CHAPTER XXXII

It is particularly in the terrible missions of Canada, Châteaubriand has said, that the intrepidity of Christ's Apostles has been manifested in all its glory. We can assert without fear, that, even in the records of heroism and sanctity, there is nothing more wonderful than the bloody tale of the Huron missions. Never were more horrible dangers faced, or greater sufferings endured in order to sow the seeds of eternal life in the kingdom of death. As Father Garnier has written, the conversion of the Hurons which presented formidable obstacles even in the beginning, was rendered far more difficult by the epidemics which followed shortly after the Jesuits had settled in the country. These epidemics lasted for years, spreading sorrow and want everywhere, and causing the savages to hold the Faith in horror, and the missionaries in execration. But the Jesuits' invincible constancy, their patience under every trial, their contempt of death, finally won them the Indians' respect. The Hurons were beginning to have their eyes opened to the light of the Gospel, and many notable conversions were being made among them.

Nevertheless, in the inscrutable decrees of divine Providence, this nation, the first to embrace the Faith, was doomed to become almost extinct. Until then, the Iroquois had fought the Hurons in ambush only; but seeing them so greatly decreased in number by sickness, they resolved to exterminate them. Their frequent and terrifying invasions soon filled every heart with fear. Throughout the horrors of this war, the most cruel on record, the missionaries continued their work. Sharing all their sufferings and dangers, they assisted the agonizing struggles of this unfortunate tribe, who had no hope but in them, and, as Mr. Parkman remarks, not a word or a line is met with, which might lead us to suspect that the Jesuits had deserted their posts, or forsaken their people.

Among these soldiers of Christ, Charles Garnier was one of the bravest, and his personal appearance lent a brightness and charm to his ministry to which the Indians themselves were not insensible.

"Indefatigable worker," said the Superior of the Huron missions, in the *Relations*—"he possessed all the gifts of nature and grace which constitute a thorough missionary.

"He spoke the Indian language so well that the natives themselves admired his fluency. He held loving sway over their hearts, and by his powerful eloquence he attracted them all. His countenance, his eyes, his very laugh and every movement

bespoke his great sanctity. I know of several who were converted solely by the expression of his angelic face, which inspired devotion and sentiments of purity in all who came in contact with him, whether he was engaged in prayer, in recollection after dealings with his neighbor, in speaking of God, or even when charity drew him into conversations which afforded him a little relaxation of mind. The love of God reigned in his heart, and inspired all his actions and sanctified them.

"He possessed all the virtues of our greatest saints. . . .

"During the epidemics, when the Indians had closed their doors against us, and when there was no thought but our massacre, he not only went resolutely wherever there was a soul to be saved, but by the excess of his zeal and ingenuity of his charity, he found means to open up ways which had been closed to him, having recourse to force when necessary.

"His greatest pleasure was to assist the most forlorn; it made no difference to him, how ill-tempered, mean or insolent some might be, he felt the same tender yearning for all, never omitting even one act of corporal mercy. He was seen to dress ulcers which were so disgusting and emitted such offensive odors, that even the sick man's nearest of kin, could not tolerate them. He washed and dressed wounds daily for months, although he

was sure they were incurable: he would take the sick on his shoulders, and carry them two or three miles, in order to win their love, and get the opportunity to baptize them. He would travel ten or twenty miles a day in the hottest weather, and over roads made dangerous by the frequent incursions of the Iroquois. He would run breathlessly after an Indian guide, to go and baptize some dying person, or some prisoner of war who was to be burnt at the stake that day. Losing his way, he passed entire nights in the deep snow and piercing cold; even the elements were powerless to check his zeal.

"His mortification was equal to his love; he sought opportunities to exercise it day and night. His food was the same as that of the Indians, that is to say, a miserable outcast in France could hope for better. This last year of famine, acorns and bitter roots were delicacies to him; not that he failed to taste their bitterness, but he devoured them with avidity, in spite of the fact that he had been the petted child of a rich and noble family."

## CHAPTER XXXIII

It was the end of February, 1644. Notwithstanding the early hour, a select and fashionable congregation thronged the beautiful chapel of Clermont College.

It was no special feast, and nothing about the church indicated that an unusual ceremony was about to take place; the two lighted tapers and open missal, however, showed that the main altar had been prepared for Low Mass, and every one present knew that the celebrant was to be the hero of the day, a Jesuit missionary, a living martyr — the Reverend Father Jogues, to whom the Pope had given permission to celebrate Mass, despite the mutilated state of his hands.

"*Indignum esset Christi martyrum, Christi non bibere sanguinem,*"—(It would be unbecoming if Christ's martyr should not drink Christ's blood), was Pope Urbain VIII's reply to the Jesuit's humble appeal.

The touching account of his adventures had spread throughout Paris, and when he entered, preceded by a single acolyte, the entire congregation rose to its feet, moved by a spontaneous feeling of respect.

The religious mounted the altar steps. His face, aged by suffering, reflected the deep joy of his heart.

Since the terrible day when he had delivered himself up to the cruelty of the Iroquois, in order to help and console those whom they were leading away prisoners, it was the first time he had offered the sacrifice of the altar. For a few moments he stood before the Tabernacle, irrepressible tears of loving gratitude chasing themselves down his radiant face.

Then, his mind travelling back to Canada, he saw once more the poor chapel at Three Rivers, where he had said Mass for the last time; he saw those who had prayed so fervently about him there: Guillaume Couture, Réné Goupil, Paul Ononcharaton, and the noble chief, Eustache Ahatsistari — the glory of the Huron mission.

"Oh! My God! Thou didst will it thus," he murmured, suppressing his tears.

Joining his poor mutilated hands, he descended the altar steps, and in a voice that thrilled many a heart, he pronounced aloud the words of the Sign of the Cross. The confessor of the Faith had read the Gospel and *Credo,* he was about to begin the august Sacrifice.

At that moment a woman's voice broke the profound stillness of the sacred edifice, a voice so sweet and clear that the worshippers felt that a

breath from God's throne had passed over them.

"*Quid retribuam,*" sang the voice, accompanied by the inspired tones of the organ, "*quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quae retribuit mihi? Calicem salutaris accipiam et nomen Domini invocabo.*" (What shall I render to the Lord, for all the things that He hath rendered to me. I will take the chalice of salvation, and I will call upon the name of the Lord.)

The hymn of thanksgiving prolonged itself in a thousand lovely soul-stirring variations, and this heavenly singing accompanying the sacrifice offered by the martyr, carried the souls of those present to the blessed heights where few of us establish our dwelling place — radiant summits, where passing sorrow appears in the true light, and where we feel that the Master has not said in vain:

"Blessed are they that suffer. Blessed are they that mourn."

Mass was over. The multitude had left the chapel, carrying away a memory of that hour which would be difficult to efface.

Gisella Meliand came from the back of the organ loft where she had hidden from public gaze. Her beautiful, serene countenance still shone with inspiration, and everything about her breathed an indescribable peace. She lingered for a few moments to gaze into the nave, which a brilliant winter's sun had gladdened with its glory. Then she

came down the stairs, crossed the church, and, approaching a lady in mourning, who was still absorbed in prayer, she knelt beside her.

Madame Garnier, for it was she, raised her head.

"Oh, Gisella, how beautifully you sang," she said, as she threw back her veil and revealed a face still wet with tears.

"Will you come to the parlor with me?" Gisella asked, quietly; "we shall see Father Jogues. Father Superior promised me I could."

Madame Garnier rested her head upon her hands and remained silent for a few moments, then she looked up and answered:

"No, I think not. Of course, I should be delighted to speak to this missionary, who has seen Charles, but I do not feel equal to a nearer sight of those terrible marks of the Indians' cruelty. You may go, and I will wait for you here."

So Gisella went alone to the room where eight years before she had said adieu to Charles Garnier, and as she entered, she saw him again by the wonderful light of memory, just as she had seen him for the last time — his hand raised pointing towards heaven.

She seated herself at the small table, where they had held their last conversation, and tried to calm the sudden emotion which quickened her heart-beats.

The Superior did not delay; he soon appeared with Father Jogues, to whom he introduced Mademoiselle Meliand, remarking as he did so that it was she who had sung and that she was related to Father Garnier. Then bowing he withdrew.

"I am deeply grateful to you for singing at my Mass," said the missionary. "I enjoyed listening to you very much, and I shall be pleased to speak to you about Father Garnier, who was in perfect health when I left him."

Father Jogues spoke cheerfully, and his expressive face reflected the peace of his soul.

"When did you last see Father Garnier, Father?"

"On the second of June, 1642, when I was leaving Saint Mary's. He came as far as my canoe with Father Raymbault[1] who was very ill, and was returning to Quebec with me."

"Is Saint Mary's a new mission?"

"Saint Mary's is not a Huron village. It is the residence of the missionaries, and of the French, the center and the foundation of our missions. It is called indifferently, the Fort, the Residence, or Saint Mary's Mission."

"After trying several plans, we came to the conclusion that it would be better to have a house

[1] Father Raymbault died in the month of October, 1642, and was buried with Champlain. He was the first to die in Canada.

independent of the Indian villages — in an isolated but central position. Cardinal Richelieu gave a considerable sum of money to help us make it a fortified post and to keep a few soldiers stationed there."

"At Saint Mary's, Father, are you in safety, and have you nothing to fear from the Indians?"

"We have done all we could to fortify ourselves, and the house is comparatively secure. It is built in a lovely place on the banks of a beautiful river, which flows at that spot from a lake that we have named Mud Lake, on account of its marshes. The river that crosses it empties into the Fresh Water Sea. In countries where there are no roads, these waterways are a great advantage."

"Was Father Garnier at Saint Mary's when you left?"

"Only temporarily. The missionaries meet there several times each year, to confer together and to renew their fervor in retreat. It is a great consolation to all our Fathers. You cannot imagine how we love this house. All the French who are with the Hurons reside there by order of the Governor. There are always two or three missionaries at Saint Mary's."

"It would be a great consolation for me to know that Father Garnier was always there," said Gisella. "When you left, Father, was he settled very far from the Residence?"

"When I left, he had charge of Saint Joseph of Teanaostaiae, seven leagues from Saint Mary's."

"His last letter, which I received nearly five years ago, was dated from Ossossane."

"We left Ossossane, in the summer of 1639, or rather we were driven out of there," said the religious, with a quiet smile. "God's ways are very incomprehensible, Mademoiselle Meliand. You know the country was devastated by a pestilential sickness shortly after our arrival, and we became the victims of wicked lies and terrible hatred. That epidemic seemed to have ceased and we breathed freely once more. But in the summer of 1639, the crews coming up from Quebec brought the small-pox with them. The red-skins consider it their worst scourge. The Hurons were more than ever convinced that we cast spells over the country, and they drove us out. Father Brébeuf, whom they always considered the greatest sorcerer, was most brutally beaten. I know not God's designs, but it is a fact, wherever we set foot, there, sickness and death are sure to follow."

"It does seem very strange," said Gisella. "Did any of the missionaries contract the disease?"

"No, although constantly with the dying and the dead, none of us were attacked. This very visible sign of Divine protection only served to confirm the Indians in their belief that we were sorcerers. The chanting of the litanies, the recitation of the brev-

iary, and the Mass, which we celebrated with closed doors, appeared to them like black magic. Our clock, which was the admiration of the neighborhood, has become an object of suspicion, and we have been obliged to stop it. However, in spite of all, the Faith has made some progress and several warriors of renown can be counted among our Christians. Eustache Ahatsistari was formerly the chief warrior of the Huron tribe."

"Ahatsistari," Mademoiselle Meliand repeated, "he was one of your companions in captivity; was he not?"

"Yes, but he never believed the calumnies which were circulated about us. Father Garnier had instructed him thoroughly; but fearing that he still clung to his superstitions, the missionary did not dare to confer baptism upon him. 'Ah!' he often said to Father Garnier, 'If you could only see as clearly into my heart as the great Master of our lives does, you would not refuse to baptize me.' He came to Saint Mary's to plead his cause with Father Superior, and he gained his point. I baptized him on Easter night, 1641. When he heard that I was going down to Quebec in spite of the great risk, he wished to come with me to protect me—'If I should fall into the hands of the Iroquois,' he said, 'I know what awaits me, but believe me, I shall never desert you.' Never was promise more faithfully kept," continued the Jesuit,

with deep emotion, "single-handed he fought the enemy, then seeing he was about to be captured, Ahatsistari dashed into the woods and, with the fleetness of a deer, outdistanced his pursuers; perceiving that I had not followed him, he remembered his promise never to desert me and returned, giving himself up to his executioners rather than violate it. Be assured, Mademoiselle Meliand, among our Indians there are many brave and generous souls."

"Ahatsistari had a very cruel death?"

Father Jogues closed his eyes as if to shut out some horrible vision. It was a few moments before he answered:

"The Iroquois started by cutting off both his thumbs, and through the wound of his left hand, they drove a pointed stick up to his elbow. Being unable to restrain my tears at seeing him so brutally tortured, he feared the Iroquois might possibly mistake them for signs of weakness, so he said with his Indian pride: 'If he sheds tears, it is because he loves me; when you tortured him, you did not see him weep.' He and his nephew, a young man of twenty-five, were burnt alive. Like his uncle, Paul Ononcharaton possessed indomitable strength and generosity of soul. When he saw the Iroquois approaching to torture me, he begged them to spare me and to spend their cruelty on him instead. He and his uncle suffered their horrible

death unflinchingly. After his baptism, he frequently exclaimed: 'How happy I shall be in heaven!'"

Father Jogues' emotion had communicated itself to his listener.

"You spent more than a year with the Iroquois, did you not?" Gisella asked between her sobs.

"Yes, but you must not waste your tears on me, my child. During my captivity, I baptized seventy persons, men, women and children, who are in heaven. God's elect are to be found everywhere; and the missionary is never without some consolation. Believe me, I should be quite disconsolate if I thought I should not return to my Indians. God has not deemed me worthy of martyrdom, but I am soon to return to my mission; my superiors have promised I should."

The Jesuit grew silent; he appeared as if gazing on that distant land which was to be watered by his sweat and blood.

Gisella broke the silence by saying:

"Father, I have a favor to ask of you. Will you allow me to see your hands?"

Nothing was more trying to the missionary's humility. He acceded to her wish, however, and opening his hands which he had kept closed until then, he held them out to her. The right thumb alone was intact, but the nail had been torn from it. The index finger, crushed as if by human teeth,

was twisted out of all shape. It was most repulsive to see what remained of the others, which had been either chopped off, or burnt in the calumet.

Gisella's heart was pierced by a trenchant sword of pain at the thought that the beloved friend of her youth might be treated in like manner, and she burst into tears.

"I beseech you," said the missionary quite confused, "please do not pay any attention to those little marks of my sojourn among the Iroquois. . . . Let us speak of Father Garnier."

"Is he much altered?" she asked, when her tears would allow her to speak.

"I believe he is, but he appears to be as happy as ever. I wish I could tell you adequately all I know of his great patience, courage and heavenly charity. He is indefatigable in his zeal. I have seen him start off in the severest weather and travel from village to village. He has fallen into rivers, and countless times he has risked falling into the hands of the Iroquois. Nothing daunts him. His piety is deep and sincere. But his humility, above all, rouses my admiration. Notwithstanding his being a person of rank, he always considered himself the least amongst us, and when we were together on the missions, he always reserved the worst of everything for himself and did it in such a charming way that he led us to believe that what

was most repugnant was what pleased him most. . . . He thinks of God alone — works for God alone. The hardships he has suffered, and still suffers, are inconceivable, but be assured, he would not exchange his hardships for the joys of heaven, unless God willed it."

Gisella listened, her face buried in her hands. When the religious ceased speaking, she remained some moments in this position; then lifting her tear-stained face, she said:

"Father, listen to me. It was always understood that Charles Garnier and I were affianced from our very youth. He heard God's call and abandoned me. When he was gone, the world had no more joys for me; life has been endlessly wearisome, hopelessly void; and were it not for the care I owe to his mother, I should have entered the cloister long ago. Meanwhile, I try to strengthen my soul by constant prayer and the fond hope of our being reunited in heaven. But we are so far apart."

"My child," Father Jogues answered, with infinite tenderness, "one can attain the highest perfection, while appearing at the same time to be leading a most ordinary life."

"I know that, Father, but constant striving becomes so wearisome. Happy are they who can soar aloft."

"With the birds," Father Jogues remarked, with a smile, "the height attained depends as much on

their keenness of vision, as upon their strength of wing. It is the same with regard to the human soul. Give yourself up to the contemplation of God's sovereign and adorable perfections."

## CHAPTER XXXIV

All communication ceased between Quebec and the Huron mission, after Father Jogues was taken prisoner. For three years the missionaries had received no assistance. They were in the direst distress, and were it not for the precaution they had taken of sowing a little wheat, they would not have been able to provide even sacred hosts for Mass. The Jesuits had striven hard to assist their brethren, but Father Bressani, who undertook the task, was captured by the Iroquois, dragged into captivity and, like Father Jogues, was made to suffer the most atrocious tortures.

This news was not long in reaching Quebec, and it tended to increase the terror which the Iroquois had already inspired. Nevertheless, Father Brébeuf, who had gone down to Quebec in 1641 to recuperate, decided to return to his beloved mission, accompanied by Fathers Chabanel and Garreau, who had just arrived from France. The Governor gave them an escort of twenty soldiers, and four weeks later, the little fleet of bark canoes could be seen gliding along the banks of Lake Huron and entering Matchedash Bay.

The calm waters sparkled in the burning sun,

the swallows flew high, not a breeze was stirring, and the dark forest bordering the shore was silent and motionless beneath the crushing heat.

"Well," said Father Brébeuf, closing his breviary and smiling on his companions; "God be praised we have escaped all danger."

"Yes," said Robert LeCoq, who commanded the canoe, "once more we have escaped with our scalps."

He handed his oar to a Huron, wiped his manly brow, down which the perspiration was streaming, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, he called to the French who were following:

"Patience, we shall soon be at home and have some shade."

In fact, the leading canoe was quitting the Lake for a river that flowed out of the forest. The other canoes followed, skirting the bank to avoid the current. Trees of a century's growth were reflected in the water and cast a deep shadow, but on those shores which tired eyes scanned anxiously, the primeval forest unfolded itself in endless stretches of wild vegetation, but nothing indicated the abode of man. A sudden slight bend in the river, disclosed a vast clearing to the right, on which a large house was built; this house, rather strange in appearance, was surrounded by a huge palisade of closely-driven posts, while a large cross stood at each of the four angles.

It was the famous Jesuit residence, Saint Mary's of the Hurons: the cradle of civilization and of the Faith; the beloved home of the missionaries; the refuge ever open, where the poor Hurons came in quest of food, spiritual guidance, light and consolation.

The forest has once more reasserted its right and for the past two centuries has taken possession of this celebrated spot. The foundations of the walls, and traces of the ditches are still to be found among the trees and underbrush, but neither the river, nor the neighboring villages bear the name of any one of those apostolic men, whose memory we like to recall, on that soil which they made forever renowned by their labors.

It would be impossible to express the travellers' joy when they knew they had reached Saint Mary's. With the enthusiasm and activity of youth, Father Brébeuf sprang on shore and followed by Fathers Garreau and Chabanel, climbed the path that leads to the fort.

Father Brébeuf lifted the heavy wooden bar that closed the gate in the palisade, and the two newcomers were astonished at what met their sight . . . What an amount of hard work and good will all this meant!

The stakes of the palisade, which were driven deep into the ground, were bound together by straps of leather cut from fresh hides, and these

straps, dried and shortened by the heat of the sun, held the posts as firmly together as if they were encircled by iron clasps. Inside, a deep trench and a parapet of earth formed a second entrenchment which protected several large cabins that served the Indians as lodging-places and hospital.

The fort proper was in the center of this vast enclosure. High, forbidding walls, one hundred and seventy-five feet long, and ninety feet deep, surrounded the chapel and dwelling of the missionaries and Frenchmen, without hiding from view the belfry and chimney-pots.

From a small tower built out from one of the buttresses, a splendid view of the surrounding country was to be had.

Beside the chapel but outside the walls, the cemetery stood on a hillock, carefully tended, planted with bell-flowers, that waved their blue and red blossoms in the sunshine.

The remaining land consisted of a few cultivated fields. A canal, supplied by the river, flowed by the fortress and crossed the enclosure. Three small docks had been built for the canoes.

Father Brébeuf admired and praised what had been accomplished during his absence. He knew full well what the workingmen lacked in the way of tools, and the appalling amount of strenuous labor Saint Mary's fort represented. Following the canal bank, he pushed open a door in the wall, and

the Jesuits found themselves in front of the house. This paradise of the missionaries was a low house, one hundred feet long, built of squared trees placed one upon the other horizontally. As the religious ascended the rude steps leading to the porch, the door opened wide, revealing Father Jerome Lalemant, Superior of the Mission, who had hastened to give them a loving welcome.

Inside, several missionaries, transients at Saint Mary's, hastily appeared in the passage, to greet the founder of the Huron Mission. Charles Garnier was among the number.

Fatigue and privation had undoubtedly left their traces upon him. His face was emaciated, his complexion was of the copper-color which fair people acquire when constantly exposed to sun and air; but his expression, which always spoke of an invisible world, had grown more heavenly than ever, and of all the missionaries present, he was the one who impressed the newcomers the most favorably.

After travelling three hundred leagues in a canoe, constantly on the watch and strain for whatever might happen, one feels a positive need of sleep, but the travellers wished to return thanks to God before doing anything else; so they went through the house to the church. At Saint Mary's the windows of the residence were unglazed, the partitions were built of rough boards, the furniture, which consisted only of what was absolutely necessary, was

of the roughest kind, but the chapel presented a striking contrast to the rest of the house. It was very humble, although the natives looked upon it as one of the wonders of the world. But it was a graceful building, with glazed windows and highly polished walls and woodwork, while very pretty pictures hung above the different altars. The other decorations were according to Indian taste, consisting of glass-ware and shockingly vivid draperies.

The religious crossed the aisle, and grouping themselves around the altar, they recited the *Te Deum.*

From the chapel they went to the refectory, which soon presented a very strange appearance, for, following the old feudal custom of Saint Mary's — the religious, soldiers, workmen, and servants all sat at the same table.

After supper the Jesuits retired in silence. Their community room was already in darkness, but the flame from the hearth, lighted up distinctly a picture which hung upon the wall. It represented the Crucifixion and the Superior led Father Brébeuf up to it.

"Look," said he with sudden and solemn emotion, "this is the only thing that has reached us for three years . . . When I uncovered it, I had the presentiment that we were to go through terrible sufferings. I recalled the Cross which ap-

peared to you, Father, in 1640, while returning from the land of the Iroquois . . . a cross large enough, you said, to fasten us all upon it."

"So much the better," joyfully exclaimed all the religious who had been listening attentively. John Brébeuf smiled.

"The Faith is making very consoling progress, is it not?" he asked.

"Astonishing and admirable progress," the superior answered, "it is quite evident that the angels are working far harder than we are. God's designs are far beyond our comprehension, for famine, war, and all those evils which seemed most likely to endanger Christianity, have only served to establish it more firmly. The Faith is respected; we have chapels in all our missions; the cemeteries have been blessed; crosses have been solemnly and publicly venerated. Our Christians of long standing lead irreproachable lives, and their numbers have greatly increased; the infidels, who have been humbled by affliction, appear to us to be nearer the fold. But we shall speak about all this tomorrow; now, you are in need of rest."

"Yes, but before doing so, let me tell you about those prodigies of Quebec; I allude to the Ursulines and Hospitallers. No: much as the Colony is threatened it cannot perish. God would send His angels first to protect these heroic and charitable women."

"I have heard a great deal about Mother Mary of the Incarnation," remarked Jerome Lalemant, who was destined to become so intimately known to her later. "I wish you could see her at her wooden grating teaching the little Indian children. The last Mass I said in Quebec was at the Ursulines. Their little pupils sing pleasingly and I liked their Huron hymns very much; they have composed a special one for the missionary about to set out:

"'Go forth; we rejoice that you are going to such abandoned places. God grant your head may be cleft by a tomahawk's blow.' Then the refrain is sung in the missionary's name.

"That is not enough, you must be flayed and burnt alive: suffer anything a barbarian's cruelty can conceive, for the love of God and for the salvation of the Indians." Father Brébeuf repeated these words in a strange, touching tone.

"Meanwhile," the Superior said, smiling to hide his emotion, "Come and take some rest." He unfastened an iron gondola-shaped lamp, from the mantel, and lighting it (for darkness fell early upon that wall-begirt house), he showed the newcomers to their cells.

A little later Charles Garnier retired to his. The silvery light of the moon stealing over the bastions filled his poor room with its wondrous light, bringing into sharp relief the rough black cross suspended to the partition.

He stood before the window. The lattice of woven branches which served for glass was open, but the Jesuit could only get a glimpse of one corner of the blue sky and the light of the soldiers' lamp in the watch-tower.

Notwithstanding the early hour, the enclosure was already buried in deep silence; everything seemed wrapped in sleep, and the soothing sound of the flowing river alone reached his ear. A sudden sadness fell upon him. As he rested his head upon his sunburnt hands and closed his eyes, every word in the letters he had received from France came back to him. A fearful loneliness weighed upon his soul and he felt an unconquerable need of allowing his mind to wander back to his native land and to the past. But resisting this inclination, he knelt before his poor cross and was soon completely absorbed in prayer.

## CHAPTER XXXV

The next day Charles Garnier set out to return to his mission, and a few days later he wrote the following letter to Mademoiselle Meliand:

SAINT JOHN OF ETHARITA,
August, 1644.

Your last package reached me in safety. The pretty bell with its silvery tone has taken the place of the old kettle that until now had served to announce the church services. My Indians hung it to an oak tree that overshadows my chapel, and then, like children, they must needs ring it, each in turn, to see if it would speak as well in their hands as in mine. Never had the Petun mountains echoed to such sweet music.

The settlement of Etharita, or Saint John's mission, of which I am now in charge, is near the boundary line, some forty miles from Saint Mary's. Father Jogues and I were the first missioners to set foot here. That was in November, 1639 (the time when defamation of the Black-robes was most violent). The children fled before us shrieking of pestilence and famine, the dogs set up a howl, the doors were slammed in our faces.

We spent the winter visiting nine Petun settlements, and during those long months we never once succeeded in securing a cabin corner in which to say Mass. Had it not been for God's kind protection, we should have been done to death a thousand times.

Now we have a chapel here and a large number of Christians. Our holy Faith is making marvellous headway. Unfortunately, scourges of various kinds are also on the increase.

After the epidemic, a frightful famine followed, and then this horrible war which is beyond the powers of imagination to picture. At one time the Hurons were great and glorious, but they have never learnt the value of union and organization. Their improvidence is incredible. A Huron only believes in danger when he meets it face to face.

The Iroquois work together and according to premeditated plans; they display inhuman cruelty in battle and are as brave as they are cruel; besides they are equipped with excellent weapons.

The troops raised to drive them from the frontiers were completely routed — so completely that the messengers who bore these sad tidings were poor half-burnt wretches who succeeded in breaking their bonds and in escaping from the flames.

God's designs are impenetrable. Here, right in the heart of the country, in villages where our faith is most highly honored, the Iroquois come from

their lairs three hundred miles away and massacre the men and women, who, because of the holiness of their lives and the ardor of their zeal, are looked upon as the apostles of their country.

Not one of us possessed the same great influence over the Hurons as did Joseph Chonentouaha, surnamed, The Christian. Nor could anyone of us preach as efficaciously about God as he, who had been converted from barbarism to sanctity. He was assassinated and scalped in his own field.

I have not had the happiness of again meeting Father Jogues. On his arrival at Quebec, he was sent to Ville Marie. You say that his hands are constantly before your eyes — that you are ever praying the Blessed Virgin that the Iroquois may never take me alive. God's will be done, Gisella, but an act of love is very perfect in the midst of flames.

When we are at Saint Mary's we meet in the chapel every evening for the singing of the litanies. The invocation, *Regina Martyrum,* usually is sung three times in succession, and invariably sends a thrill through the whole community, betraying the secret prayer that each one is addressing to the Queen of Martyrs. But who amongst us will obtain his request? Martyrdom is the better part, the glorious crown that is not given to everyone. Gisella, I know full well that it would require greater virtue than mine to win it; yet, I have

hopes. How often have I not felt the power of Mary's intercession? It was to her care that I intrusted my religious vocation and, later, my vocation to the missions. On arriving at Quebec, I went to her to obtain the favor of being sent to the Hurons. She, good, kind mother, secured the realization of my every wish. No wonder, then, that my confidence in her should be intense, now that I am begging for the supreme, the sovereign grace of martyrdom. You know that our house in Saint Mary's is dedicated to her Immaculate Conception. Very dear to our hearts, it is also greatly beloved by our Christians.

There the services are carried on with a solemnity of ceremonial that dazzles these untutored children of the forest and attracts them from all quarters the better to celebrate Sunday, the True Day, as they call it. Their piety is charmingly touching and fervent. They often band together to recite the beads. No one can help being deeply affected by the earnest devotion they display when, divided into two choirs, they repeat the Angel's beautiful greeting to Our Lady.

The catechumens also come to Saint Mary's to prepare for baptism; the sick and maimed are borne hither to have their wounds healed and sometimes to die with greater consolation.

God has favored us with an abundance of corn, the main article of diet in the country. Even dur-

ing the most severe famine, we were able to serve three meals a day to our numerous pilgrims. Our hospitality, of course, is looked upon as truly magnificent.

In my mission of Etharita, I am overwhelmed from morning till night, with a whole world of catechumens and Christians. Pray for me, that I may not spoil the work of God's grace.

Farewell. My earnest wish is that you love our Lord with complete devotion.

This letter, together with another that the missionary had written to his mother, reached France towards the end of the year. But Madame Garnier never received her son's letter. She had, in the autumn of 1644, gone to her reward.

Mademoiselle Meliand had stood by her bedside, and ministered to her with the utmost affection until the last moment. Immediately after the funeral, she had entered the Carmelite Novitiate, in the Faubourg St. Jacques, where the letters were delivered to her.

## CHAPTER XXXVI

Five years had passed, and the prosperous Huron country now lay in ashes. The Jesuits in charge of Saint Mary's, heart-stricken at the sufferings of their flock, decided upon a course of action as harrowing as it was urgent.

In the vicinity of their dwelling nothing seemed changed. On all sides the aged trees still obstructed the view from Saint Mary's, but beyond this boundary-line of foliage not a Huron village was to be seen through the forest; a few broken-down palisades, half-burnt posts and cinder-covered clearings alone remained to show where they had stood. Silence and desolation brooded over the land; the whole Huron peninsula had fallen into dismal ruin.

An army of a thousand Iroquois had, without their presence ever being suspected, spent the whole winter in the country. They had travelled the three hundred miles that separated them from their prey without being discovered, and, during the night of the 16th of March, 1649, they attacked the village of Saint Ignatius, then at sunrise that of Saint Louis, three miles from Saint Mary's. The Huron braves, alarmed by the cruelty wreaked

upon their kin by the merciless invaders of their peaceful hamlets, hastily gathered up their scanty belongings, set fire with their own hands to their cherished homes, lest they should be made to shelter the hated Iroquois, and then fled some in one, others in another direction. Fifteen large villages had thus in a few days been abandoned and reduced to heaps of ashes.

The Jesuits' dwelling alone remained standing in these terror-stricken regions. Around it, on the evening of the 14th of June, 1649, while the sun still lighted with its sinking rays these rude but, to the Indian eye, magnificent buildings, all was bustle and restless activity. Religious, soldiers, workmen and servants were afoot, hurrying to finish their work of packing before nightfall. Bundles, cases, sacks of corn and acorns were being piled up in bark canoes to be transferred by the Frenchmen to a small roughly-constructed vessel then riding at anchor in the river.

Inside the fort a number of Hurons had assembled. Not a motion, not a look betrayed the anguish that was rending their hearts, as they sat there mourning for their dead. Suddenly the tolling of the bell was heard. In silence they rose from the ground and proceeded together, men, women and children, to the chapel whose door stood open to receive them.

The altar was still unstripped of its ornaments.

The beautiful picture of Mary Immaculate was still there, surrounded with a halo of burning candles, but the sanctuary lamp had disappeared, the tabernacle was open, and before the altar stood a coffin that bore traces of the earth from which it had been taken. Soon forty Frenchmen joined the Hurons, and side by side they knelt before the railing.

The two doors in the rear of the sanctuary were thrown open, and the missionaries to the Hurons came forth and stood around the coffin. Charles Garnier was there in his place, but others were missing, never again on earth to mix with their brethren. They were Isaac Jogues, whom a blow from an Iroquois hatchet had felled to the ground on the 18th of October, 1646; Antoine Daniel, who during the attack of Teanaostaiae on the 4th of July, 1649, had advanced alone to meet the enemy so that some few of his Christians might escape while the Iroquois vented their rage upon him, and, lastly John Brébeuf and Gabriel Lalemant who on the 16th day of March, of that same year, 1649, had been cruelly tortured to death by the inhuman enemies of their flock and whose remains were enclosed in the coffin just disinterred. Before beginning the prayers, Paul Ragueneau, the superior, turned towards the kneeling group of Indians and Frenchmen and said in Huron:

"God be praised! The true mark of Christianity, the cross, is stamped upon this infant church.

You all realized, my brethren, that it would be utter folly for us to tarry in these deserted regions where none would visit us save the Iroquois in their death-dealing hordes. We, also, must leave this hallowed spot, and now for the last time we have gathered to pray in this chapel. Lest, however, the enemies of our faith should desecrate the house of the one true God, we have resolved to do as you did with your homes. Our departure from Saint Mary's must be saddened by the burning of what we hold most dear, God's home in our midst. We had at first decided on settling on the island of Ekaentoton, on account of the many advantages it offers, but twelve of your chiefs have begged us to join them on Saint Joseph's Island, where many of your tribe have already gone. They have assured us that they all purpose embracing the Faith and that in a short while we shall have none but Christians on the island.

"Brethren, we are now going where God seems to be calling us. We are here only for you, and, in spite of the dangers to which we are exposed, we will transfer our headquarters to where your fellow-Hurons are most numerous. We are happy, my brethren, to share your dangers and sufferings; not one of us but is ready to die for you, as many of our number have already done. We cannot tell what God has in store for us, but suffer we must and suffer greatly. Hold fast to your faith in the

midst of these trials. Christians are not meant to be happy on this earth. We shall find happiness unending in heaven."

The Superior then knelt with his brethren and began the recitation of the beads. Father Bressani followed with the singing of the litanies, to which his brother religious responded. This chanted prayer, so solemn and impressive, was the last to mount to heaven from within the walls of Saint Mary's. The altar was then stripped, and the beautiful picture of the Blessed Virgin taken down from its place on the wall.

Then four religious raised the coffin to their shoulders, and falling into line behind the Cross, followed by their brethren, carried their precious burden through the chapel doors, down to the canoe that lay in waiting. The superior and Charles Garnier, stood and watched the frail bark as it sped over the water, fearful of losing sight of their treasured relics, until they saw them safely stored on the vessel.

Then Father Ragueneau turned to his companions, and, more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing them, said:

"When I think that those with whom we have lived in such close intimacy are now ranked among the apostles and martyrs, it seems to me impossible; I must be dreaming."

"Ah!" rejoined Charles Garnier, "if God would only grant us to die in a like manner."

"Possibly there will be others of our number who will lay down their lives for God's cause, but as for me, I have lost all hope. To prevent me from baptising a dying man, a Huron once aimed a cruel blow at my head with his tomahawk, but not one hair of my head was touched. Doubtless, I was not worthy to die for our holy faith."

Charles Garnier smiled but said nothing. They both then returned to Saint Mary's, their Paradise, as they were wont to name it. There it stood before their eyes, a glorious monument to years of heroic and crucifying toil; an astounding proof of the power of the human will. No wonder that at the thought of abandoning it and reducing it to ashes, the two Jesuits should feel bitter sorrow. And yet, not a word of regret fell from their lips.

"Poor wretches!" murmured Father Ragueneau, as he watched the Indians preparing their meal of ground corn. "It was, I assure you, a pitiful sight to see them trooping here on the 16th of March. During the forenoon alone, we welcomed more than five hundred fugitives."

"You have still, I believe, a large number of these fugitives at Saint John."

"Yes, the bulk of the tribe took refuge in our mountains, and they are beginning to feel the pangs of famine."

"Unfortunately that's the case everywhere. As soon as we reach Saint Joseph's we shall set to work at our buildings. The Island of Ekaentoton offers many more and greater advantages, but it is too far away. The poor Hurons can not make up their minds to put sixty leagues between their new settlement and the land of their fathers, to which they still cherish fond hopes of returning. . . . You know that Father Chabanel is already at Saint Joseph's? He has set the Indians to work felling trees and preparing a place for their future homes."

"Are you going by the large boat?" asked Charles Garnier.

"No, I have had a log raft built for Father Bressani and myself and the greater number of our Frenchmen. Our Indians have their canoes."

"Poor Hurons!" sighed Father Garnier, "their enemies' rage is not yet sated."

"No; we must be ready for anything. You are greatly exposed to visits from the Iroquois. Once at Saint Joseph's, we will try to provide some kind of shelter for our Christians. A few of the Fathers will paddle around the coast in canoes, to visit those who are hiding among the rocks. Father Chabanel will continue to keep you company at Saint John's. Do try to teach him Huron. . . . It is very strange that, with his intelligence, he makes no headway in the Indian dialects."

"His mind and heart are filled with repugnance

for everything connected with the savages; their customs, their language, everything that has to do with them, fill him with loathing. Yet, Father, he perseveres in his vocation. Though unceasingly urged to return to France, he refuses to abandon his cross. He has even bound himself by vow never to ask to be recalled."

Robert LeCoq here interrupted the Fathers' conversation. He came to inform the Superior that everything was ready for their departure and that he and his companions were awaiting orders to set fire to the buildings.

"Begin on the palisade," Father Ragueneau replied, and then, turning to Charles Garnier, he added: "You will find all in readiness in the cellar. Let us offer our holocaust to God."

The religious bowed obedience and went immediately towards the house. The pallor that overspread his face alone betrayed the struggle that was waging within his heart. He walked rapidly through several apartments until he reached the community-room.

Here he stopped for a moment, overcome with emotion at the remembrance of the happy hours spent beside that rough hearth and the delightful brotherly meetings so often held there.

A resinous torch stood nearby. He lighted it at the embers still glowing in the grate, then, lifting the trap-door, let himself down into the cellar. A

moment later, and he had set fire to the twigs and stubble with which the floor was littered; then without a backward glance he remounted the steps to the community room. . . . There, before the grate he awaited, in silent prayer, until smoke and flame drove him forever from his beloved home. By this time the four crosses on the palisade were aflame, the boat was getting underway, and the birch-bark canoes, laden with fugitives, were beginning to move down the river.

Beyond all doubt, the abandonment of Saint Mary's was a trial most harrowing in its bitterness for the Jesuits, yet not a word, not a tear, betrayed the depth of their soul-crushing anguish.

With the utmost kindness,— forgetful of their own sufferings — they continued to look to the needs of the unfortunate Indians, now more than ever dependent on them for help and hope.

Fathers Garnier and Chabanel embraced their brethren, gathered up their scanty travelling kit, and before the grief that was gnawing at their hearts could master them, made haste to hide themselves in the depths of the forest.

In the meantime the fire had made rapid headway. Saint Mary's fort had become a seething furnace, from which flames were shooting towards heaven.

## CHAPTER XXXVII

Saint John the Evangelist's mission was situated in a wide valley in the Petun hills, known to-day as the Blue Mountains. Besides the Hurons who had taken refuge there, it consisted of about six hundred families. It was some time since the two Jesuits had resumed their dangerous post. The winter was setting in, and a light fall of snow covered the ground. Outside the palisade that protected the village, the giant trees of the forest stretched forth their naked branches.

The entire village had been unusually excited for the last few days. Word had been received that the Iroquois, three hundred strong, were on their way to attack it, and the Tionontates, men of skill and courage, as the *Relations* remark, were elated at the news. Sure of victory, they waited joyfully. The warriors had painted their faces and held themselves in readiness. Night after night the sound of the Chichikoue was mingled with the shuffle of the dancers' feet and with their death songs.

And still the Iroquois did not appear. Tired of waiting, the Tionontates decided to go and meet them, and on the fifth day of December before sun-

rise, they silently left Etharita and took to the war-path.

It was almost noon, and the two Jesuits had just dismissed the catechumens. Squatted before the fire, Father Chabanel was preparing his Huron lesson.

"Before hearing your lesson I shall see after our dinner," Charles Garnier said, gently. He took a few handfuls of acorns from a bag, and putting them in a large pot, he covered them with ashes; then filling the pot up with water, he hung it Indian-fashion, above the fire.

A horrible famine was draining the country. For weeks the two missionaries had been obliged to live on acorns; but Father Garnier had not as yet shown any signs of dejection.

His companion watched him silently and with unwonted interest, and when he came to sit beside him, instead of beginning his lesson, he turned his smoke-inflamed eyes upon him and said:

"Tell me, do you never grow faint-hearted at the thought that probably God intends to prove your love by giving you a long life, and asking you to live and die among the Indians?"

"Ah!" Charles Garnier said, with a sweet smile, "what a blessing to be surrounded solely by persons whom you can love with a supernatural love alone."

"How fortunate you are," remarked Father

Chabanel, who still continued to look at Charles, "nothing appears loathsome or painful to you; to be reduced to eating the food of swine, and to get barely enough of that to keep one from dying of starvation; to be obliged to live in smoky hovels, where each sense is tormented in turn, to have to endure the Indians the day long, and their terrible stench — and to be tortured night and day by vermin —" He ceased abruptly.

"My dear brother," Charles Garnier answered, with infinite gentleness, "it is for the love of God we are suffering these and many other miseries."

"Then I shall never abandon the missions," Father Chabanel said with determination —"but I cannot conquer myself — I accept my sufferings like a coward."

"No, not at all," Charles replied, "but you suffer without consolation. God allows you to feel the weariness and rebellion of human nature still."

Father Chabanel rested his head upon his emaciated hands for a few moments. But he soon lifted it.

"Let us get at our Huron," he said with a smile.

What a depth of actual pain and undying regret that resigned smile concealed! Charles Garnier pressed his companion's hand in loving sympathy, and was about to start the lesson, when a draught of cold air warned him that some one had entered

the cabin. Turning his head he noticed that a very tall Indian stood motionless inside the door.

"Cunning Stag," he whispered, as he recognized one of the Hurons who had sought refuge at St. Joseph's.

"You are welcome, my brother," he said aloud as he went forward to meet him and invite him to warm himself. With a strangely light step, the Huron crossed the cabin and stood almost immovable beside the fire.

With his powerful frame, fearless piercing eyes, symmetrical and shapely head and his broad shoulders, this Indian was a splendid type of man in the uncultured stage. He was dressed in beaver, torn moccasins covered his sinewy feet, but notwithstanding the bitter cold, he was bareheaded.

"You come from Aendoe?"[1] Father Garnier asked with a pure Indian accent.

The Huron bowed his head in assent.

"Was it Aondechete who sent you?"[2]

The messenger answered by diving into his beaver coat and drawing forth a letter which he handed to Father Garnier. The letter was from the Superior. After giving a few particulars concerning the mission he said:

"Thank God we have made wonderful progress

[1] The Island of Saint Joseph.
[2] Father Ragueneau.

with our work. Now we are sufficiently fortified to resist any attacks from the Iroquois. But your position grows daily more perilous, and I have decided not to allow you two missionaries to remain any longer in such an unprotected spot. Owing to the terrible famine, I fear also that you may find it difficult to procure food enough to nourish both of you. Let Father Chabanel return to Saint Joseph immediately with my messenger; I think it would be well if you were to leave your mission for a little while and come here and rest. I should be glad to see you return with Father Chabanel; if there is any danger of your dying of starvation, I command you to return at once."

Charles Garnier read the letter, and without any remark, handed it to his companion. After learning its contents, Father Chabanel returned it to Father Garnier, saying with a sad smile:

"Exactly one month before Father Brébeuf suffered martyrdom, I received orders to leave him, and Father Lalemant took my place. What are you going to do?" he added, looking at Father Garnier.

"I am not in danger of dying of starvation; I can live on acorns for a long time to come; so I intend remaining with our poor Indians."

Father Chabanel did not insist; he knew his entreaties would be useless.

"When do you wish to leave?" he asked the Huron.

"This evening, my companions and I wish to sleep at Ekarennondi."[1]

"Have you any message for the Fathers?"

"Yes, I have a white bark that speaks," Cunning Stag answered.

Father Chabanel made a bundle of his poor torn clothes and Huron manuscript. Then he went out to say a farewell prayer in the church, over which a magnificent oak spread its leafless branches.

Meanwhile Charles Garnier took a sheet of paper and a bottle of ink from a box, and sitting down before the fire he wrote his superior the following letter, which has been preserved in the *Relations*.

"I am certainly suffering from hunger, but there is not the least danger of my dying of starvation. Thank God, my body and mind are still quite vigorous; I have no fears on that score. What I do fear is, that if I abandon my flock during this time of misery and war now when they need me most, I might miss the opportunities God is allowing me to spend myself for His service, and thus become unworthy of His future favors. I am already too careful of myself, but should I see my strength giving out, as you, Reverend Father, command me, I promise I shall not delay in returning to you, for I am always ready to leave all to die through

[1] Saint Mathias, three leagues from Saint John.

obedience where God wants me. Otherwise I should never consent to come down from the cross where His love has placed me."

When he had finished his letter, he sealed it and handed it to the messenger, asking, at the same time:

"My brother was at the taking of St. Louis?"

"Yes," answered Cunning Stag, who sat smoking before the fire, "and like the Black-robes, I had been consigned to the flames, but I managed to escape."

"You saw the Fathers die?"

"I saw Echon die, and while they were torturing Atironta,[1] I succeeded in breaking the cords that bound me, and soon I was beyond their reach."

"Will my brother tell me all he saw?" Father Garnier asked.

After taking two or three long deep whiffs of his pipe, Cunning Stag emptied it, and fixing his dark, piercing eyes upon Charles Garnier, he said: "The Black-robes could have escaped death very easily, for when the three survivors of Saint Ignatius came to give the alarm, the Chiefs entreated them to escape to Saint Mary's with the other fugitives: 'Why should you remain,' they asked, 'when you can neither wield the tomahawk, nor handle the gun?' 'We shall remain to open heaven to you,' Echon replied. First, they hastened to the cabins

[1] Father Lalemant.

of the sick and crippled who had been unable to escape. All during the attack they remained at the breaches, beside the wounded and dying, encouraging and consoling everyone by their presence and their words. I suppose you heard the Black-robes were brought to Saint Ignatius to suffer martyrdom."

"I heard all about it," answered Father Garnier, "but tell me what you saw with your own eyes."

"Echon's body was already all bruised and bleeding, when the Iroquois led him to the spot where he was to be burnt alive. He walked with great difficulty, still he appeared quite joyful. He knelt to kiss the stake to which he was to be bound and to say a prayer. While the Iroquois were binding him, he noticed us all about him and raised his voice to say: 'My children, I pity you more than I do myself; let us keep our eyes on heaven, while our sufferings last, remembering that God is witness of our tortures, and that He will soon be our great and eternal reward.' They brought him his little companion, who cast himself at Echon's feet and kissed his wounds. Atironta was covered with pine bark and looked like a child — too weak to endure any torture. The Iroquois led him to his stake and bored him with awls; they cut off slices of his flesh, which they roasted before his eyes. But it did not suit their palates and they threw it away in disgust. Finally, they set fire to the pine-bark in which he

was wrapped; when he felt the intense heat of the flames, he threw his arms up to heaven and groaned aloud. He could not help giving some signs of the intense pain."

"Did Father Lalemant have a lingering death?"

"Yes, for they threw him into a cabin to go and wreak their fury upon Echon. Echon was a hero, he had the heart of a great chief, and the most unheard of tortures were powerless to extract a groan or a sigh from him. His tormenters found his flesh delicious, and they ate it with delight. The Iroquois know how to handle the knife dexterously; they can cut off flesh to the very bone without injuring the vital organs. They filled his wounds with fire, and still Echon suffered unflinchingly and firm as a rock. From time to time he raised his voice to console the Hurons and to preach to his executioners; then they cut off his nose and lips. But as Echon continued to speak of Christ, they drove a red-hot iron down his throat. His gaze remained steady, confident and commanding. You know the Iroquois fear great disasters when those they torture give no sign of pain. Moreover, they were crazed with rage and despair. Some apostate Hurons helped to torture the Father, laughing and jeering at him all the while. They boiled a large pot of water, and tearing off his scalp, they baptized him three times with it in succession, accompanying the action with the most horrible mockery. As Echon

still breathed, they tore his heart out and devoured it to get a little of his courage. I have told all."

Charles Garnier had listened in breathless attention, his eyes riveted upon the Indian.

"Ah, if God would only give me a similar death," he said earnestly, when Cunning Stag had ceased speaking.

Seeing that Father Chabanel had returned, he rose and unhooking the pot he took out the acorns that had been boiling in lye, and washing them carefully in clear water, he chose those he considered the best, gave them to Father Chabanel and the remainder he divided between the Indian and himself. By boiling the acorns in lye, a little of their excessive bitterness is extracted — but still they are not a very palatable dish.

"You suffer from hunger at Saint Joseph's, too?"

"Yes, since the French have settled there the refugees come from all quarters. Hunger and suffering are the guests of our cabins," Cunning Stag remarked, as he rose to take his leave.

"My dear brother," Father Chabanel said, as he approached Father Garnier, "I am going because obedience recalls me, but believe me, it pains me to leave you here alone amid so many dangers."

Father Garnier pressed his hand in silence.

"Even yet the Indians find it hard to understand me," continued Father Chabanel. "I was never

much comfort to you in your work and trials, but still you were not quite alone."

Charles Garnier smiled, and a flame lighted his eyes — those eyes that always appeared to get a nearer, clearer and truer insight of things than any one else's — as Gisella was wont to remark.

"I have a premonition that we shall not be long apart," he remarked quietly. Father Chabanel felt an indescribable shudder go through him, and he gazed steadily into Charles Garnier's eyes, as if he fain would read his very thoughts.

"Either I shall not obtain it, or I shall return soon," he said. "At least one must serve God until death. . . ."

The religious clasped one another in a loving embrace.

Father Chabanel picked up his bundle, and, throwing his blanket over his shoulder, he embraced his companion again.

"May the Blessed Virgin keep you in her loving care," he murmured.

Standing at his cabin door, Charles Garnier watched him with earnest gaze as he went through the village.

Ever since the departure of the warriors, the settlement had been unusually quiet. Thick columns of smoke rose from a hundred huts scattered throughout the snow-covered valley.

Father Garnier soon lost sight of his companion

who had often turned to wave back fond farewells.

He lingered a few moments to look up at the sky which was already alight with frosty stars; then he entered his smoky hovel, carefully securing the door upon himself.

## CHAPTER XXXVIII

Like Saint Francis Xavier, our early missionaries honored the Immaculate Conception with a special and tender devotion.

Their first chapel in New France was consecrated to her honor and to her watchful care they had confided Saint Mary's, their beloved home. The *Relations* still preserve the vow made and renewed by these Jesuits each year that they might, through her powerful intercession, obtain the conversion of the Indians.

But Charles Garnier had vowed to honor our Immaculate Queen with a chivalrous devotion far greater than that of his co-laborers. While still a youth, he had gone one day to the ancient chapel of Our Lady of the Angels, in the forest of Bondy, near Paris, and there, kneeling before her altar, he promised to defend at the sacrifice even of his life her Immaculate Conception; that glorious privilege that had raised her as far above the other saints, as heaven is above earth.

The memory of all this returned to him with pleasant vividness as he made the fire in his cabin, on the morning of December seventh. Again he trod the green shady path to this revered shrine,

which a warm sun was flooding with its bright light . . . and his heart glowed with loving gratitude as he thought how magnificently the Queen of Heaven had rewarded his boyish devotion.

At quite an early hour, Father Garnier entered his poor cold church, where the few who had remained behind in Etharita had already assembled.

He said Mass surrounded by these poor Indians whose faces bore the marks of terrible hunger.

After Mass he said the prayers aloud and received all who wished to speak to him. On returning to his cabin, he found the children waiting for his instruction, which occupied his time till noon, when he dismissed them with kind words and caresses. And now for the first time that day, he broke his fast by eating a few acorns. At three o'clock in the afternoon, when Father Garnier was making the daily tour of the cabins, the blood-curdling cry of *Natahoue! Natahoue!* The Iroquois! The Iroquois! echoed through the quiet village.

The warriors who had gone to meet the Iroquois had taken the wrong route and they, cunning demons, had chosen this time, when they knew the settlement was deserted and unguarded, to make their attack.

Charles Garnier was seated in one of the cabins, instructing a poor sick Indian, when the first cry of alarm was given. He rushed out immediately, but he saw at a glance that no one was preparing

for defense, nor was anything to be expected from these terrified people, whose best and bravest warriors were absent. He went straight to the church where the Christians were taking refuge, and in a voice that dominated the tumult, he said:

"Fly, my brothers, fly; escape which ever way you can. Strive hard to keep the Faith for the remainder of your lives, and when death overtakes you may it still find you steadfast in the service of God."

He blessed them in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost; kneeling for a moment before the image of the Blessed Virgin, he prayed aloud saying:

"Dearest Mother, I thank you. I know now I shall celebrate the glorious feast of your Immaculate Conception with you in heaven."

Taking a vessel of water with him, he went off in haste to baptize the sick and dying. Oh, what a vision of hell met his eyes as he set forth. The Iroquois, like a legion of devils, were running through the village howling in their mad delight and fury. The flames were already rising from both ends of the settlement, and the cruel Mohawks with fiendish glee, were throwing old men, women, and little children into the fire.

The terror-stricken people were powerless to defend themselves.

Father Garnier was anxious to be everywhere at once, to baptize, absolve, and turn their thoughts to

God. Amid these scenes of diabolical cruelty he looked more angelic than ever before, fear or danger having apparently no terrors for him.

Several Hurons who had found a means of escape, came to him, begging him to flee with them.

"No," replied the Jesuit, "my duty is to remain here beside those poor Indians who have no hope of escape, but every certainty of death."

## CHAPTER XXXIX

An April sun was quickening nature once more, and Paris was gladdened by its warmth and brightness.

In the Carmelite monastery, Faubourg St. Jacques, the nuns were returning to their cells, when Sister Gisella of Jesus was called to the parlor.

Father Henry of St. Joseph, now Provincial of the Carmelites, was waiting for her outside the black wooden grating; his face bathed in tears, shone with such deep triumphant joy, that she remained standing before him in silent surprise and alarm.

"Daughter," he said, "God is truly magnanimous in His rewards, and I come to bring you great and glorious news."

One thought alone entered Gisella's mind, but she did not dare express it, so she crossed her hands beneath her scapular to still her beating heart, and waited.

"The Jesuits have received news from Canada, and, dear Sister, you have every reason to rejoice, for, on the seventh day of December, God granted Charles the great grace of martyrdom."

Sister Gisella of Jesus uttered no word, but bliss-

ful, hallowed, inexhaustible tears welled up from her very heart, and leaning her forehead against the grating, she drew her veil over her face. Was it the instinctive act of a modest soul stirred to its very depths; or was it that she might better hear the words of faith, by which she had lived — words of life and light, which at that moment were inundating her with infinite joy? I doubt if she ever could tell. The Carmelite watching her, and the memory of an hour in the past, Gisella's first hour of grief, returned to him in all its intensity.

"My child," he said, "having participated so fully in his sacrifices, you are sure to share his joy and glory in heaven."

"How happy he must be," she said, lifting her head, and looking at Father Henry.

"Yes," answered his brother, "he is happy!" And in a transport of joy he repeated the words of Mother Church: "What voice or human tongue can tell, oh my God, of the wonders Thou hast reserved for Thy martyrs? Still crimsoned by their blood they receive the crown of eternal life."

"Did the Iroquois torture him much?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"They did not torture him at all."

"Praise be to our Immaculate Mother," she murmured, and smiling through her tears, she said, "Tell me Father, all you know about him."

Mastering his emotion, Father Henry began:

"Charles was alone at Saint John. His companion on the mission[1] had been gone two days when, towards nightfall on Tuesday, the seventh of December, the Iroquois unexpectedly attacked the village. The warriors were absent; they had gone to meet the enemy. It was a horrible and cruel massacre. Like many others, Charles could have escaped, but he refused to do so. His charity kept him at his post. Nor did he shrink from the horrible death that awaited him. He sacrificed his life for the salvation of the Indians. The Iroquois made prisoners of all those whom they considered strong enough to keep up with them. The others they butchered. They bound the children and sick in the huts and then set fire to them. Charles ran hither and thither, to comfort the dying and prepare them for heaven. He fought his way into the burning huts and baptized the children and catechumens amid the flames. Receiving two balls in the abdomen, he fell to the ground. The Iroquois who had shot him found him lying unconscious, bathed in his blood, and believing he was dead, he was satisfied with robbing his body. Shortly after he regained consciousness, he was seen with his arms uplifted preparing for heaven."

[1] Father Chabanel never reached Saint Joseph's. He was assassinated on the way by an apostate Huron, who admitted having killed him because he had never been happy after he became a Christian.

Father Henry ceased speaking for a few moments, to give vent to his fast falling tears, then he continued:

"Charles was dying, and still his Indians occupied his thoughts. Lying in his own blood, he turned his head in every direction striving to discover what was taking place around him. A few paces from him a poor Huron, who had been mortally wounded like himself, was writhing in an agony of pain. Scarcely a breath of life was left in Charles when he perceived him, but he managed by sheer strength of will to get upon his feet. He had only taken two steps when he fell heavily to the ground. He succeeded a second time in regaining his feet, only to fall again. Seeing he could no longer walk, he dragged himself to the wounded man, and while he was preparing him for death, an Iroquois dealt him two blows with a tomahawk, opening his head to the very brain."

Sister Gisella of Jesus had remained perfectly motionless during this recital. For her everything in life had been blotted out, save the face of the heroic missionary who lay before her eyes bathed in his blood.

Then, carried back to the past, she saw him again as he had appeared before her that day on the cliff facing the sea, when he was wrestling with himself for the mastery of his heart.

"Ah, Father," she said, lifting her face, radiant

with joy, "how happy he must be, not to have yielded to earth's pleasures, but to have done God's most holy will."

THE END

FEB 27 1909

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing Agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date:
APR 1996

BOOKKEEPER
PRESERVATION TECHNOLOGIES, INC.
1114 William Flinn Highway
Glenshaw, PA 15116-2657
412-486-1161

NS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00022352374